

THE MESSENGER.

"AS THE TRUTH IS IN JESUS."

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Poetry.

A WORKER'S PRAYER.

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak,

In loving echoes of Thy tone;

As Thou hast sought, so let me seek

Thy erring children, lost and lone.

O, lead me, Lord, that I may lead

The wandering and the wavering feet;

O, feed me, Lord, that I may feed

Thy hungering ones with manna sweet,

O, strengthen me, that while I stand,

Firm on the rock and strong in Thee,

I may stretch out a loving hand

To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O, teach me, Lord, that I may teach

The precious things Thou dost impart,

And wing my words, that they may reach

The hidden depth of many a heart.

O, give Thine own sweet rest to me,

That I may speak with soothing power

A word in season, as from Thee,

To weary ones in needful hour.

O, fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,

Until my very heart overflow!

My kindling thought and glowing word,

Thy love to praise, Thy praise to show.

O, use me, Lord; use even me,

Just as Thou wilt, and when and where,

Until Thy blessed face I see.

Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

Communications.

For The Messenger.

ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE REFORMED CHURCH.

By Rev. J. W. Santee, D. D.

Reformed Doctrine of the Lord's Supper.
In this Confession this Reformed tendency, starting in the early days of the Reformation crystallized, and here, properly, starts that branch of Protestantism known as the German Reformed Church. This branch of the Reformed Church is distinguished from the Dutch Reformed, or the Church of Holland and the Netherlands, but by ignorant and stupid persons is frequently spoken of as the Dutch and so of the people found in her communion. It is surprising that persons and papers claiming to be intelligent can make this mistake so frequently, and the fact that it is done argues the want of a correct knowledge of history as well as of facts, and shows great ignorance and stupidity. From this statement we may see the spirit which had been working and now, in this movement, coming to the light and taking form, how these truths rooted far back, until finally this reformed spirit, moving steadily forward, at last produced the Catechism in which it found expression. This was in 1563. The Reformed Church is not of a day, nor of yesterday. She is hoary with age. Her history compares with other denominations as follows: The Westminster Confession, that of the Presbyterian Church, was formed in 1643, the Reformed being nearly 100 years older than the Presbyterian. The 39 Articles of the Episcopal Church passed in 1562, ratified by Charles I, 1571, eighty years later than the formation of the Heidelberg Catechism; the Baptists in 1644; the Methodists in 1729; Puritans, 1662; Congregationalists, 1616. And what is more, the theory of the Reformed Church, on the Lord's Supper, (which was the main point in the long and earnest controversy) as embodied and set forth in the Heidelberg Catechism, the Confession of the Reformed Church, is that of nearly all the Protestant Churches, and the Reformed faith, on that doctrine, is held by the Presbyterian, (see Conf. of Faith, ch. 29, Larger Cat. Ques. 168, et seq., Shorter

Cat. Ques. 96 & 97). The Episcopal. In the Catechism and in the Book of Common Prayer, it is asked, *Ques.* Why was the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper ordained? *Ans.* For the continual remembrance of the sacrifice of the death of Christ, and of the benefits which we receive thereby. *Ques.* What is the outward part or sign of the Lord's Supper? *Ans.* Bread and wine, which the Lord hath commanded to be received. *Ques.* What is the inward part or thing signified? *Ans.* The body and blood of Christ, which are spiritually taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper. *Ques.* What are the benefits whereof we are partakers thereby? *Ans.* The strengthening and refreshing of our souls by the body and blood of Christ, as our bodies are by the blood and wine.

This statement is very significant, and prepares the reader for the very explicit declaration contained in the official letters preserved in Zurich, "in which the Swiss churches were, in 1547, informed that the Church of England had adopted the Reformed doctrine of the Lord's Supper. It should also be remembered that, as late as 1618, an English delegation was sent, by the authority of James I, to the Reformed Synod of Dordrecht in Holland, and that the Protestant Episcopal Church of England was there fully recognized as an integral part of the Reformed Church," (*Guardian*, Dec.) The Methodists, as from their Catechism, and this is not strange, because that is an offshoot from the Anglican Church, and also the doctrine of the Reformed is widely held in the Lutheran Church. The Augsburg Confession was drawn up in 1530, and in the tenth article, treating of the holy sacrament, the words: *adint et distribuantur*, and in their stead, added: *exhibeantur*, so that the whole passage read as follows: *De coena Domini docent, quod cum pane et vino vere exhibeantur corpus et sanguis Christi vescentibus in coena Domini*—but the words: *Et impervia secutus docentes*, (therefore the opposite doctrine is rejected) which were directed against Zwingli's and Calvin's followers, he entirely left out. Hence the Lutheran doctrine, "that the body of Christ is really present in the holy sacrament, and therein received by the believer and the unbeliever," was so vaguely set forth, that the Calvinists in their belief, "that in the sacrament the body of Christ is *only present for the believer*, not really, but in a spiritual manner," appears fully to agree with the Augsburg Confession. . . Luther was dissatisfied with the alterations in the Confession . . . and it is reported that he once said to Melanchthon: "Philip, Philip, you do wrong that you so often alter the Augsburg Confession, for it is not your book, but it belongeth to the Church." His Intro. to Aug. Conf. by Ch. Hy. Schott. That of 1530 is the *Unaltered* and that of 1540, the *Altered*, and which one of these editions is the one more widely accepted in that communion, we will let the reader determine.

From these statements it is fairly and truthfully inferred that the vast bulk, the larger majority of the Protestant world holds and confesses the Reformed faith. The Reformed Church, it is repeated, is not of yesterday. Her faith is not isolated, but is that great, grand, old stream, reformed in the XVIIth century, and flowing onward embracing the Episcopal, the Presbyterian, and the whole type of reform. Her organization is preëminently catholic, broad, liberal. So in doctrine and also in government. She has no name around which to rally. No peculiarity in government as that of pope or bishop as a rallying center. No doctrine as that of predestination or election, as in the Presbyterian, or some other peculiarity as a watchword. She unfurled the banner of the cross purely and simply, and around that, as her only standard, with other denominations, who have special peculiarities, she has been turning for over 300 years. Whether this broad, catholic spirit, for her as a denomination, is to her ad-

vantage, is questionable, for many of her members, removing to cities, lose themselves and are lost to the Church, because there is nothing to fix and bind them more than the pure, simple Gospel, which is not the case with some other denominations, as that of the Lutherans, the name of Luther, the Episcopal, that of bishop, Methodist, the religious system, the Baptist, that of immersion, &c., &c. The Reformed can accommodate itself readily, almost anywhere, because of the broad catholic spirit pervading this communion. We are Reformed, because this type suits us better than any other. While we love the Reformed better than any other denominational household, our broad, catholic spirit enables us to look upon other sister branches as belonging to the same body and as one with us.

The Reformed Church, originated and established, by the formation and adoption of the Heidelberg Catechism, in Germany, Switzerland, France and Holland, was early transplanted to this country by the early settlers. They settled in Maine, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia, but owing to the liberal policy of William Penn granting equal protection to all sects, Pennsylvania became the State towards which the immigration tended. In 1726, the first church was built in Skippack, Montgomery Co., Pa., the first minister was Rev. Geo. M. Weiss, here he organized the first Reformed church, Sept. 21st, 1727. After him came the Reformed apostle, M. Schlatter of St. Gall, Switzerland, landed at Boston, 1746. In Sept. 14, 1747, the Synod of the Reformed Dutch Church was organized—the first Synod of the German Reformed Church was held Sept. 29, 1747. The Synod of the Lutheran Church was organized at Philadelphia, Aug. 14, 1748. The Church as thus transplanted was under the authority and supervision of the Synod of Holland and continued in that relation until 1792, a period of forty-five years. Then came the transition from the German to the English which created much feeling among the membership and materially interfered with her progress. Many of her best members who became English, were lost to her communion on that account and passed over to English congregations of other denominations. This fact should be well considered for it has weight in our day. Some of the very best material in Episcopcal and Presbyterian congregations, in our large cities, originally were Reformed and Lutheran, but for the reasons stated became lost to these Confessions.

Another epoch in her history was the founding of a college and theological seminary for the education of her ministers. Here again a struggle had to be encountered, but gradually yielded and success crowned the effort. This was in 1825. From thence on she has been moving onward, doing her part, with others, in the great body of Protestantism. (See Tract, Ref. Ch. No. I.) What a vast rich heritage! She gave of her rich heritage to bodies numerically larger than the Reformed, and with right may be called the mother of the largest portion of the Protestant world. All honor to this Reformed Confession! A rich legacy she brings to us. Let us honor this noble branch in the great Vine.

What a rich treasure is the Heidelberg Catechism. It comes to us pure after the lapse of 300 years. How many in her communion did it not teach "that in life and in death, in soul and in body I am not my own," as unfailing comfort. Her theory of religion has always been educational, and because of that, she never fell in with the emotional, commonly called the "Anxious Bench." The Catechism is divided into fifty-two Lord's days or lessons, assigning one for each Lord's day. The design was, and still is, to teach this Catechism in the family, for parents to learn it and teach it to the children. That would tell on families, on society and on the Church. May the Lord speed the day when the Catechism shall be reinstated in the family, that from it families may learn what is their only comfort in life and in death.

For The Messenger.
THE POWER OF THE PULPIT.

That is the form in which the question is discussed in our daily and weekly periodicals, and in the more ponderous magazines and reviews, viz., whether the preaching of the gospel is losing its power? The question no doubt must take that form, because the gospel is usually preached from the pulpit, though by no means exclusively. We would prefer to consider it as presented under a different phraseology, viz., this: *is the Word of God* losing its power? This question is not, indeed, quite the same as the other, but it is important to consider it first, as an introduction to the other.

This question we may, without hesitation, answer in the negative. What is said of this Word in the Bible is equally true of it for all time, and therefore to-day. Let us hear what is said of it. "For the Word of the Lord is living, and active, and sharper than any two-edged sword, and piercing even to the dividing of soul and spirit, of both joints and marrow, and quick to discern the thoughts and intents of the heart." "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple." Again in that classic passage in Isaiah lv. 8-11. "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are my ways your ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways and my thoughts than your thoughts. For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall My Word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." Quotations might be multiplied to any extent. Let these suffice.

The Word of God has continuous inspiration and power. It is living and active to-day as it was when first uttered. This power does not consist merely in the ordinary influence of truth or persuasion, but it is truly and really a supernatural power, a power that comes from God to call the spiritually dead to life. "The hour cometh and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live." It is of the utmost importance to settle this great truth in our minds first, before we can properly discuss the power of the pulpit. Is there such a thing among us as the distinct Word of God—an inspired Word, a Word that carries with it the power of the Holy Ghost, and is able as it falls upon the ears of men to beget within them a new, regenerate life? When our Lord stood by the grave of Lazarus, and cried out, "Lazarus, come forth!" we understand that His words penetrated the realm of the dead, and summoned the soul of Lazarus to join itself again with the body. There was a power in them to raise the dead. God's Word in the Bible has power to penetrate the realm of spiritual death and call the spiritually dead to life. Such power our Lord claimed for His Word when He was on earth; such power it has now. Such supernatural power belongs to the Word of God if we are to have any faith in it at all.

It will exert this power and produce this effect upon all who receive it by faith. This is the necessary condition. And those who are of God will hear His words. Those whom the Father draws to the Son will come to Him. We do not propose to attempt an explanation of this, except to say that there will be no failure in the presentation of the gospel. My sheep hear my voice." They that hear shall live.

Now the point we wish to reach by all this is, that ministers of the gospel must have faith in the power of the Word of God to accomplish that whereto it is sent, and they must preach it in faith. Of course certain other qualifications are necessary. They must have the necessary intelligence; they must be qualified to speak, and the more learning and the better qualification for speaking they possess, all other

things being equal, the better. But the power of the Word does not come from these. One difficulty in the modern pulpit, we think, is, that these mere human qualifications have been so magnified and emphasized, and so much reliance has been placed upon them, that they have largely taken the place, in the thoughts of people, of the Word of God itself. Too much care cannot be taken that the human agency in the preaching of the gospel shall be the very best, and the very best prepared, that man can supply, but when all this has been done, it must be acknowledged and felt that all this is only the earthen vessel in which the heavenly treasure is presented. Human learning and human eloquence have not, in themselves, a particle of power to awaken or beget spiritual life in men. That power belongs entirely and absolutely to the Word of God.

There are those who will not hear the Word of God. What then? Is that Word, or the faithful preaching of it, a failure? Must we set about devising new human appliances to give effect to the Word? Must we call in extraordinary eloquence, or resort to new methods, in order to force the attention of men? By no means. Our Lord was confronted by the same infidelity. What did He say, what did He do? "Murmur not among yourselves. No man can come unto me except the Father which has sent me draw him. All that the Father giveth unto me will come to me," etc. Calm, earnest, sincere, preaching of the gospel, is all that is required. Let it be preached in faith, and the results are in the hands of God. It is our judgment, not that too much human preparation has been made to preach the Word with effect, but that too much reliance has been placed upon this, and not enough faith exercised in the unaided power of the inspired Word. The preaching of the gospel is totally different from all merely human speaking, where human words and human thoughts alone are the instruments or means to influence the mind and will of men. The minister must have a conscious sense of this difference, or his preaching will prove vain. If the modern pulpit has lost some of its power, the fault lies, not where it is usually sought, in the want of human appliances, the power to entertain and please, etc., but in the want of faith in the power of the Word itself. And a great mistake is made when it is supposed that if the gospel is properly preached all will hear it. God Himself has allowed to men the fearful responsibility of refusing to hear and receive His Word. That refusal cannot be overcome by human power, and therefore man should not attempt it. But then the faithful minister has the heavenly comfort and encouragement of knowing that some will hear and believe. They that are of God will hear God's words. Some thoughts are suggested by this presentation of the subject, the statement of which must be postponed for the present for want of space.

A.

The patient workers whom no one notices; the humble members of the Church who are always in their places; too diffident to thrust themselves forward among the crowd with whom the popular pastor shakes hands at the close of the service, too poor or too much occupied to give an entertainment, or to be invited to attend those given by the wealthy; but who, year after year, are faithful, always giving the little that they have, ever cheerful, never envious or discontented, and always rejoicing in the prosperity of the Church, looking with a quiet smile upon the young convert, and dropping a tear with the bereaved, who perhaps never knew them—these will one day have a great recompense of reward. There is no greater virtue than patient fidelity without appreciation; and this is greatest when it endures, without being soured, while seeing others receiving all the honors. A book of remembrance is kept, and they will be chosen in the day when the Lord shall make up His jewels. It may be long to wait; it may be but a very little while; the toil is but transient, the reward is eternal.—*Christian Advocate*.

"The night cometh when no man can work."

Family Reading.

EVENTIDE.

By M. M. Waite.

So near the night! How fast the hours are flying.

It seems but now the day was at its noon.
So bright the sky, with sunset's glorious gilding,
It scarce can be the day will close so soon.

But see! the curtain of the night enfolds us,
And shadows dim the near and distant views;
A bush is stealing o'er the restless spirit,

A peace the weary one cannot refuse.

So after life's brief day, its cares and anguish,
Comes golden sunset, picturing scenes afar,
Making the eventide all bright with promise
Of mansions lighted not by sun or star.

And then the Christian leaning on the Saviour,
Welcomes the changing of the light to shade
And waits the breaking of the day eternal,
Whose glories never into evening fade.

—Charchman.

STANDING THE STRAIN.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

How often do we ever hear a sermon, or ever think about poor Rizpah? There she sits—in the sacred story—for five long, weary months upon the sack-cloth spread on the rock of Gibeath. The noon-day sun pours down its heats upon her head, and the midnight its chilling dews, but they cannot drive her from her steady vigil beside the forms of her two crucified sons. From the early harvests of April to the early rains of October she suffers neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night. The wayfarers by the northern road from Jerusalem grow accustomed to the strange, sad spectacle of that heart-broken mother guarding from vulture and jackal, the remains of her beautiful Mephiboseath and Armoni.

Those two youths were crucified; there seems but little doubt of that. They were sacrificed to appease the wrath of the Gibonites for the cruelties once practiced upon them by the hands of their father, Saul. If we could ask that long-enduring woman, Rizpah, what enabled her to stand those five months of severe strain, her answer would be in one single word, "Love." It was the quenchless affection of a true mother's heart. It transcends every other earth-born affection. It can neither be "chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude." This was the chord that bound Rizpah to that long vigil on the desolate rock, and stood the tremendous strain.

There is a lesson for every Christian in this touching episode of the "mater dolorosa" on the rock of Gibeath. There is only one principle in the human heart which can withstand the severe strain which the daily wear and tear of temptation and trial bring upon us. It is *love for Jesus*. Our heart must be in our religion, and our religion in our heart, or else it is a most toilsome drudgery, or an irksome hypocrisy. This is the secret reason why so many church-members shirk their duties. There is no genuine long-enduring love of their crucified Master at the core of the heart. So their religion is toil and task-work. The Bible is taken as a medicine, and not devoured as honey. There must be a constant baiting and bribing by attractions of fine preaching and fine music, or else the Sabbath service would be a sort of compulsory penance. As it is, about every rainy Sunday brings doubt and disgrace upon full one-half of the professed piety of the land. A man in whose soul love for Jesus rings no bell of devotion, is always glad of an excuse to shirk the sanctuary on a disagreeable day. Money giving for Christ's cause is to such a professor, an orthodox larceny; he flings his contribution at the box grudgingly, as if he would say "There it is, since you must have it; when will these everlasting calls be done with?" The whole routine of external service in the name of religion is gone through, slavishly, perfunctorily, and heartlessly, as if the lash of an overseer were brandished over the head. Such Christianity is *Christ less*. There is no joy and no power in it, and when a severe strain of temptation comes on its possessor, it snaps like a thread and leaves him to a terrible fall. The secret of every case of bad backsliding during the past year has been the want of staying power; and that staying power is based solely on the dwelling of Christ and a supreme love for Him.

Love of Jesus is essential Christianity. It endures all things; it never faileth. No privations can starve it, and no burdens can break it down. It keeps the heart of the frontier missionary warm amid the snows of the Rocky Mountains, and gives sweetness to the crust which the overworked seamstress eats in her lonely lodging—disdaining the wages of sin. It is the core of all the piety which Christ loves to look at. It is the only cure also of the reigning worldliness, and covetousness, and fashion-worship which have made such spiritual havoc in too many churches.

The test-question for every Christian life is—Have I in my inmost heart a love of Jesus strong enough to stand the strain? My religious profession has lost its novelty, will it hold out? Tempations will come; shall I conquer them or break? Christ demands constant loyalty, can I be true to Him? Am I as ready to stand watch day

and night to protect His honor as poor Rizpah was to protect the lifeless forms of her beloved from the birds and the beasts? These are the questions that touch the very marrow of our religion. They underlie all our heart-life, our church life, and the very existence of every work of self-denying charity.

My brother, there is only one way to be a staying Christian, a thorough soul-saving Christian. It is to get the heart full of Jesus—so full that the world and the lusts of the flesh and the devil can get no foothold. Whether you are a pastor longing for a new year's blessing on your flock, or a Sabbath-school teacher set in charge of young immortals, or a parent guarding the fireside fold, or a philanthropist toiling for the ignorant, the suffering and the lost, you need this everliving mainstay and inspiration. If you only love Jesus you will love to live for Him and to labor for Him. Jacob toiled seven years faithfully for Rachel, and they seemed unto him but a few days for the love which he had to the beautiful maiden in the fields of Laban. Love's labors were light. Would you then be a lightsome, joyous laborer in Christ's vineyard? Get your heart full of Him. Would you be a power in your church? Get the heart full of Jesus. Would you be kept safe from backsliding? Then keep yourself in the love of your Saviour. Put that master-affection so deep down that it shall underlie all selfishness; so deep that the frosts of the current skepticism cannot reach it; so deep that the frictions of daily life cannot wear upon it; so deep that the power of temptation cannot touch it; so deep that even when old age dries up the other affections of our nature, this undying love shall flow like an Artesian well.

As we go into the year before us, let us stop and take one look at that steadfast Rizpah watching beside the crosses of her crucified sons. She stood the strain—until her noble constancy won the King's eye and secured their honorable burial. There is an infinitely holier Cross, an infinitely Diviner sacrifice that demands our steadfast loyalty. If a mother's love could endure so much, what will not the love of a redeemed soul bear for its Redeemer? Oh, for a fresh baptism of this mighty love! A fresh and a full inpouring, so that no accursed spirit of the world, no temptation, no self-indulgence, no—nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

THE CROSS.

We cannot resist recalling here one Saturday evening in December, when Thackray was walking with two friends along Dean Road to the west of Edinburgh, one of the noblest outlets to any city. It was a lovely evening, such a sunset as one never forgets. A rich, dark bar of clouds hovered over the sun, going down behind the Highland hills lying bathed in amethystine bloom; between this cloud and the hills there was a narrow slip of the pure ether, of a tender cowslip color, lucid, and as if it were the body of heaven in its clearness, every object standing out as if etched upon the sky. The north-west end of Corstorphine Hill, with its trees and rocks, lay in the heart of this pure radiance; and there a wooden crane, used in the quarry below, was so placed as to assume the figure of a cross; there it was, unmistakable, lifted up against the crystalline sky. All three gazed at it silently, and as they gazed he gave utterance, in a tremulous, gentle and rapid voice, to what all were feeling in the word "Calvary." The friends walked on in silence, and then turned to other things. All that evening he was very gentle and serious, speaking as he seldom did of divine things, of death, of sin, of eternity, of salvation; expressing his simple faith in God and in his Saviour.—*Dr. John Brown.*

NOT FIT TO COME.

The awakened sinner, who has a knowledge of the gospel, knows that Christ only can save him. He knows that he cannot atone for his past sins, nor work out for himself a righteousness for the future. He knows that he must receive pardon, salvation at the hands of Christ.

When Christ invites him to come and receive pardon he is not ready to go. Ask him why he does not at once go as a lost, helpless sinner, to receive pardon and eternal life, and he says he has not feeling enough. He feels anxious and desires pardon, but he does not feel that sharp distress bordering on frenzy, which he thinks is necessary to repentance and preparation for pardon. He confounds penitence with distress of mind. He is waiting for more feeling. That, he thinks, though he does not say so, will recommend him to the mercy of Christ.

Another does not go to Christ and receive pardon because he is such a great sinner. He is not mistaken in regard to the fact that he is a great sinner. No sinner ever over-estimated his sinfulness. All men are greater sinners than they think they are.

But Christ's offer of pardon is not limited to moderate sinners. He has saved and is willing to save the chief of sinners. No man, who comes to Him as a small sinner, will be saved. No man, who comes to Him with an atonement for a part of his sins, will be saved. He who comes to Him as a penitent sinner, however great his sins, will be saved. Though his sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow.

Another does not go to Christ because

he has not broken off from his sins. He has refrained from some open transgressions, and has tried to lead a new life; but he finds that his sins remain. He thinks he must not go to Christ till he has made himself better. Hence his delay.

Thus sinners do not go to Christ because they are not fit to go. Those who persevere in their purpose of becoming fit never go. Those who become convinced of their folly and sin in making terms which Christ has not made, and who see that they must go to Him just as they are, and rely upon His promise for pardon and deliverance from sin, will be saved, or rather are saved.—*Dr. Joseph Alden.*

FEEBLE SAINTS.

It was an amusing distortion of a good hymn, but there was not a little sound philosophy in it, when the old negro preacher said,

"Judge not the Lord by feeble saints."

And yet this is precisely what the great majority of unconverted men are doing all the time. They will not go to the Bible and give heed to what God Himself says. They have no ear for His voice of mercy that offers them salvation for the taking. They do not pay any attention to the solemn warnings that the Scriptures utter. They judge the Lord by "feeble saints."

They attempt to feed their starving souls on the imperfections of Christians—poor food enough they find it! Because God's people are not at all that they ought to be therefore these cavaliers will keep aloof from the religion which they profess. Because God's believing followers are not perfect—they do not claim to be—therefore, say these unbelievers, there is no power in religion. Christians cannot claim exemption from criticism. They do not expect it. They know that the eyes of the world are upon them. But they say to the unbelievers, "If you would know the truth go to the Word; go to Him who is the truth; judge not the Lord by feeble saints." —*Illus. Chris. Weekly.*

HE WAS GOING TO SLEEP WITH GOD.

Sometimes I believe the little ones say the best things after all. I know a little family in Detroit who are heart-broken and sad this Saturday night. There were three last Saturday, but to-day only two are left. The tie that bound them more closely than that which the clergyman drew, has lately been loosened, and the light of their countenances went out with the red Winter sun only the other night. The father is a railroad man, whose duties call him away from home nearly three-fourths of the time. It was his habit when about to start for home to telegraph his wife, surprising her of the fact. In these telegrams he never failed to mention the name of the little four-year-old, and the dispatches usually ran as follows: "Tell Arthur I shall sleep with him to-night." The baby boy was very proud of these telegrams, which his mother would read over to him, and he considered the "telegraf" a great institution. The other night, when the fever had done its work, and the mother was sobbing over her anguish, the little one turned calmly in his bed and said, "Don't ky, mamma; I s'all sleep wi Dod, 'oo know. Send Dod a telegraf, and tell him I s'all sleep wi Him to-night." But the message went straight up there without the clicking of wires or the rustle of wings.—*Christian Standard and Home Journal.*

GOD'S SECRET SERVICE.

Our pastor came to the choir-meeting one Saturday night to give us his hymns for the next day's services. When the practising was over we all lingered in the half-lighted organ-loft, talking with him. A reference to the morrow's sermon suggested to his mind some pulpit anecdote of Dr. Addison Alexander, whose pupil he had been at Princeton, and he went on to speak of the power of his sermons.

"So strong an impression did they make on me," said he, "that I am sure I could, to-night, read them with something of Dr. Alexander's manner and expression."

"Do read us one, Mr. Wood," said a member of the choir.

"Ah well, so I will," he said, "some day," and took up his hat to go.

"No, but to-night," he begged.

It was an unreasonable request, and no doubt he felt it so. It was ten o'clock; he was tired; the next day's duties were heavy for us all, especially for him. Still we urged him, and he, moved perhaps by our wishes—nay, guided by God's Spirit into a secret service for the Master—yielded, and went home with the choir member, the rest following in a body.

He read that thrilling sermon on "a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." And so filled were we all with the solemn joy of the hope thus wonderfully set before us, that I think we entirely forgot that curiosity to hear Dr. Alexander's manner reproduced was what had brought us together; and after singing, "High in yonder realms of light," we went quietly home, thinking of the "city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

I said all; but in the company was a young man who was not a Christian, and there seemed nothing in the sermon for him. He was not a member of the choir, but by one of those "chances," guided by Providence to blessed results, he had escorted one of our singers, and was waiting to take her home. I remember giving him a thought as the sermon opened, wishing

that Mr. Wood had chosen one less exclusively for Christians.

In a few weeks this young man stood up in our village church to profess his faith in Christ and his purpose to serve Him. Long afterward Mr. Wood told me the story of his conversion as young Wilton had told it to him:

"I felt no interest in the sermon," said he, "and was merely waiting for Miss Nettie; but as you read on I looked around, and every face in the room wore a look of joyous expectation. I began to realize that this city of which you read was a blessed reality to them, and that their faces were all turned toward it; that I stood in a company of children on their way home, and with a sinking heart I realized that I was not of their company. I can never tell what I felt as for the first time in my life, I realized that I had no hope for the future. All night I was tortured with the despair of the lost. When I went to church the next morning, your sermon had nothing in it for me, and I felt like rushing out of church.

"I stayed, and for the closing hymn you read with great earnestness, 'Just as I am, without one plea.' From those simple words light poured upon me, showing me a Saviour and how to accept Him. I need a great deal of teaching, sir; I am very ignorant, but I do know that Jesus Christ came to save sinners, and that I am one of them."

This happened a dozen years ago. I heard of young Wilton the other day as superintendent of a mission Sunday-school in one of our Western cities, and active in every good work within his reach. God's Providence was using us all, that Saturday night, in His secret service.—*Illus. Chris. Weekly.*

TURN YOUR FACE TO THE LIGHT.

It had been on one of those days on which everything goes contrary, and I had come home tired and discouraged. As I sank into a chair, I groaned, "Everything looks dark, dark!" "Why don't you turn your face to the light, auntie, dear?" said my little niece, who was standing unperceived beside me.

"Turn your face to the light!" The words set me thinking. That was just what I had not been doing. I had persistently kept my face in the opposite direction, refusing to see the faintest glimmer of brightness. Artless little comforter! She did not know what healing she had brought. Years have gone by since then, but the simple words have never been forgotten.

BY THE FIRE.

By Juliet C. Marsh.

I have gathered them all in the nursery,
The children, at fading of light.
I have kissed them and sung to them softly,
But they plead for a story to-night,
Now what shall it be, little dreamers?

All robed for your dreaming—in white?

"Oh, a fairy tale," wee Alice whispers.

No, Maud will not listen. I fear,

She has seen through the fanciful fictions

Of creatures that never appear;

Has pushed back the gold from her forehead,

The child-eyes are growing more clear.

Poor fairies! Well, then, I am waiting

Your answer, my boy at the knee.

"Oh, tell of the sea and the sailors,

And a ship from its anchor just free

Bounded over the blue, pleasant waters

For spices and odorous tea!"

A laugh, and a shake of the tresses

Like gold that is carded and spun:

"We girls do not care for your sailors,

Tanned brown by the heat of the sun.

Now tell of some knight and fair lady,

So proud that she could not be won."

Ah, me! Was there ever romancer

In story so troubled as this?

Woe Alice has faith in the fairies,

Maud finds a superior bliss

In love-tales; my bonny young sailor

Pleads well for the sea with a kiss.

Oh, Maud, you can read of fair ladies

So proud that they could not be won;

Oh, lad, you can talk with the sailors

Out-bound for the lands of the sun;

But Alice will only find fairies

In sleep, when the daylight is done.

And the choice is with her. I have fancy

For visions and moonlight, see,

And I know how the fairies elude her

As the children escape from my knee,

You are old; you can read your romances;

But the dreams are for Alice and me.

—*Christian Union.*

DANGER OF LARGE FORTUNES.

The colossal fortunes that are piled up these days in "legitimate" business ways are not unlawful or immoral, and yet they may become a means of injury so great as to require some kind of public interference and restraint. In an influential way they are acting harmfully upon people of all classes of society. Down almost to the lowest man, they are felt in the stimulation they give to a kind of life that is artificial and distracting.

The man with his mattock or plow, having enough to make him contented, if he would only think so, is inspired by the thought of wealth within his reach—with in his reach because it has been attained by his neighbor who is no better than himself and forthwith determines that he

will be rich, no matter what it may cost him. Nearly all other men about him living on the same social plane, are possessed by the same feeling. Together they wish to advance their style of living. It is a sentiment with them all that they are to add largely to their stores, grow independently to become capitalists, take their places as sovereigns in the world of business. Without underrating the advantages of wealth properly acquired, or the benefits of healthy rivalry in trade, one can easily understand how this fictitious strife perverts the better instincts of men and spoils the peacefulness and contentment of society. The country is happiest when it is full of homes. But home means rest and domestic tranquillity. When it is simply a place where men stay while planning and executing their schemes of worldliness and pre-eminence, it loses its right character and is no better than a bivouac or encampment.

"THE NAME JESUS."

Jesus! How does the very word overflow with exceeding sweet and light and love and life! Filling the air with odors like precious ointment poured forth, irradiating the mind with a glory of truth in which no fear can live. Soothing the wounds of the heart with a balm that turns the sharpest anguish into delicious peace, shedding through the soul a cordial of immortal strength. Jesus! the answer to all our doubts, the spring of all our courage, the earnest of all our hopes, the charm omnipotent against all our foes, the remedy for all our sicknesses, the supply of all our wants, the fullness of all our desires. Jesus! melody to our ears, altogether lovely to our sight, manna to our taste, living water to our thirst. Jesus! our shadow from the heat, our refuge from the storm, our cloud by night, our morning star, our sun of righteousness. Jesus! at the mention of whose name, "every knee shall bow and tongue confess," Jesus our power, Jesus our righteousness, Jesus our sanctification, Jesus our redemption, Jesus our elder Brother, Jesus our Jehovah, Jesus our Immanuel! The name is the most transporting theme of the Church, as they sing going up from the valley of tears to their home on the mount of God—Thy name shall ever be the richest chord in the harmony of heaven where the angels and the redeemed unite their exulting, adoring songs around the throne of God and the Lamb. Jesus, Thou only canst interpret Thy own name, and Thou hast done it by Thy work on earth, and Thy glory at the right

Youth's Department.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

By Alpine lake, 'neath shady rock,
The herd-boy knelt beside his flock,
And softly told, with pious air,
His alphabet as evening prayer.

Unseen, his pastor lingered near.
"My child, what means the sound I hear?"
"May I not in the worship share,
And raise to heaven my evening prayer?

Where'er the hills and valleys blend,
The sounds of prayer and praise ascend,"
"My child, a prayer yours cannot be;
You've only said your A B C."

"I have no better way to pray;
All that I know to God I say;
I tell the letters on my knees;
He makes the words Himself to please."
—From the German.

DEBBIE'S GOOD SPIRIT.

By Mrs. G. Hall.

It was a strange sort of a house where Debbie Howard lived—just two rooms, no more! A sorry place enough for even the poorest of womankind!

Debbie's parents had died when she was a very small child, and for nearly six years she had lived with her "dear old grannie," as she called her, who was herself alone in the world, poor and infirm, and had removed to this rough shelter to spend the remainder of her days, taking Debbie with her, whose willing hands and nimble feet had come to be the very comfort and support of her declining years.

A little girl of twelve can do a great deal when there is such need, as there was in Debbie's case!

Early in life, grandma had learned to knit all manner of things of bright worsteds, and now, that she could use her feet no longer, she occupied every moment in making such articles as she thought the young saleswoman, Debbie, might readily sell upon the principal thoroughfares of the city.

The child often knitted herself while she stood with her wares at her feet waiting for customers. When she was only nine years old she could knit a pair of stockings as well as anybody. In addition to this, she was frequently called upon to run of errands or mind a baby.

Of course, it was all they could do to pay their way; and yet each night the proceeds were enough to furnish their scanty meal, thereby saving them from debt or the necessity of begging.

It was a sad sight to see our little Debbie, pretty and delicate as she was, returning home after a hard day's work, and sadder yet to know that when she entered her dwelling, cold and hungry, there would be such a dreary welcome awaiting her.

And yet she had a warm, warm nook in her old grandma's heart, who was a loving Christian woman, and that was a great deal—for such love, you know, is more to us all than anything else in the world.

On the night of which I am about to tell you, the solitary lamp had been lighted, which was hardly bright enough to show the few articles scattered about the room in painful scarceness. The floor, too, was very bare, not a vestige of carpet upon it.

Supper awaited the coming of the young worsted vendor, consisting of a few slices of bread, one or two dried herrings, and a small pot of weak tea.

It was a dreary night. The darkness grew denser, and the snow-flakes were flying hither and thither, almost blinding the little girl as she hurried along through the busy thoroughfare, and yet she did not seem to mind the cold; she was too well used to it. It had always blown cold on her young life. Perhaps that was the reason, and yet to-night there might have been another, for it was in the midst of the holidays, and there were so many sights to see as she trudged along wearily through the brilliantly-lighted streets in her thin dress and threadbare cloak.

Debbie almost held her breath as she passed the gayly-dressed windows, where were displayed such beautiful things.

She was very late to-night, and the poor, old grannie, who had but one treasure in all the world, and that was Debbie, was watching anxiously for her return out of the bitter storm. As she looked into the darkness, she lifted up this prayer, "Oh, Thou who dost watch over us all, bring safely home my little lamb." God heard her prayer, though a very short one, spoken to Him from that dingy window-pane, and very soon Debbie's welcome step was heard upon the threshold, and her voice calling loudly with a cry of pleasure to her grannie.

It was wonderful how the dear old face always brightened at the sound of her grandchild's voice!

It seems that as Debbie turned the corner, and neared the house, she had seen, in one of the fine dwellings not far away, such a wonderful sight! A tree, all on fire, as she thought! and such a variety of things upon it! Just as if a little bit of Broadway had been carried right into that parlor—such gleams of gold, and all that! And such a bevy of dolls! Her heart swelled in her very bosom; and, hurrying into her humble dwelling, she called, at the top of her lungs, to her grandmother to come and see the sight! "If I could only live in such a grand house, and have such nice things just for one day, I'd be such a glad girl," sighed Debbie.

Grandmother had put down her stocking and ball, and hobbled to the window. The night was so dark, and the distance not far to the elegant mansion Debbie had told about, that she saw at once what was going on.

"My child, such things are not for such as we, for those days are past." How it made the poor old grannie's heart ache to hear her little grandchild's plans. She remembered, too well, the old home, with its plentiful gifts of sunshine, when she was a young girl like Debbie.

Now, grannie was all the world to Debbie too, and her love for her was very strong. The child dried her tears, and, putting her thin arms around her neck, when she saw her look so sorrowful, told her that she would not think any more about the pretty things she had seen, if she would only tell her of that time, long ago, when she was young like her—"the summer-time, you always call it, dear grannie."

"Ah! my dear child, young like you, that was so very long ago; it makes me giddy to remember. But I sometimes dream of a brighter summer-time, when I shall leave this worn-out house, drop it off like a garment, all tattered and useless, and these gray hairs upon its roof and the weary wrinkles on my face, and go to a land far more beautiful than anything here, and where there shall be one long, long 'Christmas-day'!"

Debbie began to think that, young as she was, she would like to go with her dear old grannie. Her soul was often filled with dread at the thought that some day she might be left in the world alone; and then, too, there would be no more scanty suppers or cold winds to blow upon her, but "summer-time" forever there.

While they were talking, the last embers had gone out on the hearth, and the room was growing cold.

"Go to bed, darling; though Christmas greetings may not come to us, perhaps in your dreams you may have brighter visions than any you have seen to-night."

The poor child was tired and sleepy, but she turned to take the old Bible—so long read by her grandma—from the shelf, to spell, in her untutored way, as she did now every night before going to her bed of straw, the stories of the lilies of the field, God's love of the sparrows, and His greater love for even the very poorest of His children.

The "dear old grannie" listened as Debbie read to night (at her request) about heaven and its glories. "And He showed me that great city, the heavenly Jerusalem, and the city had no need of the sun, nor of the moon, to shine in it, for the Lamb is the light thereof." "And there shall be no night there." Nor hunger, nor cold! As she read on, the tired, old traveller sat quietly, thinking of "that city which hath foundations," and which was so very near, though poor Debbie knew it not.

At length she said, "That is the beautiful city, where I shall go in, and where you, too, will come, by-and-by, Debbie. Let us be glad then, to-night, my dear child."

As the little girl rose to replace the Bible upon the shelf, she turned towards the cheerless hearth, and, as if she were in a dream, the room seemed suddenly filled with gold; the whole atmosphere was so bright; and a vision of beauty like an angel, as she thought, but which was really the spirit of contentment, knocking at her own heart, coupled with good resolutions and the recollection of all her dear grannie's patient endurance, seemed softly to whisper to her these words:

"I have heard your wishes, my good girl; I knew all your disappointment, and I saw, too, how nobly you were trying to bear it, when so many little children are being made happy to-night! I have lived long in your dear old grandmother's heart when all was sunshine in her young life and now when the days are dark and

dreary. It will not be long before she will leave this 'worn-out house' she has told you of, and you will be left alone! Will you not take me for your companion then?"

"I don't know who you are," said Debbie to herself, half afraid. "I have no friend but grannie in all the world!"

"It is not long since you were wishing to go where your dear grandma desires to be. Now let me tell you who I am. I am the Good Spirit of kind words, noble deeds, and contented hearts, and, if you will take Me into your heart, I will show you the only way to get there!"

And with a resolution, worthy of our little Debbie, she promised, and, quick as thought, somehow the door of her heart was opened, and the "Good Spirit" entered, evermore to have an abiding-place there!

Her heart grew suddenly very warm, and she did not desire any more to have what she could not. Closing her poor sleepy eyes, she fell asleep by the dead embers, and the candle burned out too; but a brighter lustre than fire or light could give had come into that humble home.

Very soon the dear old grannie's hands dropped wearily, and the needles could no longer ply their accustomed work. It was a sad awakening for poor Debbie when she was gone; but from that evening, young as she was, her whole heart was bent on keeping her promise, and nobly she did it. The "Good Spirit" never left her; but up to old age stayed by, prompting her to every good work!

Though poor herself, Debbie went about doing good, by word and by deed, to the poor and unfortunate; and every step brought her nearer that bright "summer land," where her dear old grandmother had gone before her.—*N. Y. Observer.*

MODESTY REWARDED.

During a time of famine in France, a rich man invited twenty of the poor children in the town to his house, and said to them: "In this basket is a loaf for each one of you; take it: come back every day at this hour till God sends us better times."

The children, seizing the basket, wrangled and fought for the bread. Each wished to get the largest loaf, and at last went away without thanking their friend. Francesca alone, a poor but neatly-dressed girl, stood modestly apart, took the smallest loaf which was left in the basket, gracefully kissed the gentleman's hand, and went away to her home in a quiet and becoming manner. On the following day the children were equally ill behaved, and Francesca this time received a loaf that was scarcely half the size of the others. But when she got home, her sick mother cut the loaf, and there fell out of it a number of bright silver coins.

The mother was alarmed, and said: "Take back the money this instant, for it has no doubt got into the bread by some mistake."

Francesca carried it back; but the benevolent gentleman declined to receive it.

"No, no," said he; "it was no mistake. I had the money baked in the smallest loaf simply as a reward for you, my good child. Always continue thus contented, peaceable and unassuming. The person who prefers to remain contented with the smallest loaf, rather than quarrel for the larger one, will find throughout life blessings in this course of action still more valuable than the money which was baked in your loaf of bread!"—*The Morning Star.*

A MODEL MONARCH.

No monarch, and very few private persons, can have led a life of higher, more intense, and more absorbing interest than the young man who, in 1868, when but sixteen, found himself Mikado of Japan,

with the ancient but long dormant rights of sole and supreme ruler restored to that office. By fortunate chance the purple fell, in his case, on one well fitted to wear it, and the work done in Japan in which he has taken an active and intelligent share in fourteen years has been enormous.

Between 1869 and 1871 the Daimios, the great feudal Princes, were, with the exception of the clan Satsuma—not radically subdued until 1877—whose chief was the mighty Saigo, denuded of their power, and their military retainers receiving a pecuniary compensation. In 1873 all classes of able bodied men were rendered liable to conscription in the imperial army. This army, organized by Frenchmen, has now for nearly ten years been in a high state of efficiency. Its West Point, conducted chiefly on the pattern of that establishment, is Toyama, near Tokio. The total military

force is 120,000. The Japanese navy is on the model of the British. It includes twenty war vessels, nineteen being steamships.

National education on the new model dates from 1871. By 1873 the Government schools had 400,000 pupils. To-day they have over 2,500,000. Tokio University has nearly 2,000. One well acquainted with Japanese pupils says that "intellectually they are on the average equal to those of Europe and America, while in the gentler virtues of respect, docility, industry, politeness, and self-control, they are unquestionably superior."

MY LITTLE LABORER.

A tiny man, with fingers soft and tender
As any lady's fair:
Sweet eyes of blue, a form both frail and slender,
And curls of sunny hair,
A household toy, a fragile thing of beauty—

Yet with each rising sun
Begins his round of toil,—a solemn duty,
That must be daily done.
To-day he's building castle, house and tower,
With wondrous art and skill;
Or labors with his hammer by the hour
With strong, determined will.
Anon, with loaded little cart, he's plowing
A brisk and driving trade;

Again, with thoughtful, earnest brow, is trying
Some book's dark lore to read.
Now, laden like some little beast of burden,
He drags himself along;
And now his lordly-little voice is heard in
Boisterous shout and song—

Another hour is spent in busy toiling
With hoop and top and ball—
And with a patience that is never failing,
He tries and conquers all.

But sleep at last overtakes my little rover,
And on his mother's breast,
Joys thrown aside, the day's hard labor over,
He sinks to quiet rest;
And as I fold him to my bosom, sleeping,

I think, 'mid gathering tears,
Of what the distant future may be keeping

As work for manhood's years.
Must he with toil his daily bread be earning,
In the world's busy mart,

Life's bitter lessons every day be learning,
With patient, struggling heart?

Or shall my little architect be building
Some monument of fame,

On which, in letters bright with glory's gilding,
The world may read his name?

Perhaps some humble, lowly occupation,
But shared with sweet content,
Perhaps a life in lofier, prouder station,
In selfish pleasure spent;

Perchance these little feet may cross the portals
Of learning's lofty fame,
His life-work to scatter truths immortal
Among the sons of men!

THE CONTRAST.

"He's such a little fellow!"

"Little or big, the boy's been stealing,
and prison's the place for thieves."

"I didn't mean to steal; I only just
took two rolls cause I was so hungry,"
sobbed the boy.

"But didn't you know it was wrong to
take them?" said a gentleman who had
looked quietly on while the constable
grabbed little Jack Melborne by the collar
and shook him till the little fellow's teeth
chattered in his head. Perhaps they shook
from cold also, for the snow lay thick upon
the ground and roofs, and the old clothes
which covered him let the north wind in
through many a hole.

"Don't know," said the boy doggedly;
"can't starve."

"Why, he's Mary Fellowes' boy," said
the baker's wife, coming out of the shop,
"and she lying dead and cold in her grave.
Sure he's welcome to a bite from me any
time. Constable, let him go; I'll see that
he's taken care of." And the kind-hearted
woman took the frightened little fellow
away to warm and comfort him as his
mother might have done.

But across the street stood another miserable-looking object, a man with bleary eyes and slouching gait, who only a few years ago had held Jake, then a fair little baby, in his arms while the baby's mother looked on with delight and thought of the time when her boy would be as fine a fellow as his father.

Now she was dead, and her poor little boy, with no one to care for him or teach him any better, wandered about the cold streets and stole his breakfast when he could not stand his hunger any longer.

"Do you know what makes the difference?" said the gentleman, who had before spoken to his own two warmly-dressed boys at his side.

"Drink," said one of them, with an expression of contempt. "John Fellowes is a regular sot."

"Yes, but there was a time when he was fine and well dressed a boy as either of you. I went to the same school with him, and there wasn't a smarter fellow in the class. But he thought it manly to smoke cigarettes and to drink cider, and then

when these were not strong enough, as he grew older, cigars and juleps. After he was married and had a boy of his own, he couldn't make money enough to support his wife and baby and pay for smoking and drinking too, so he first broke his wife's heart, and now lets his boy go round the streets neglected, while he gets more and more worthless every day. Do you wonder, when I look round my pleasant home and note the contrast, I am very unwilling that my boys should learn to smoke cigarettes or drink cider?"—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

A story is told of Judge Kent, the well-known jurist. A man was indicted for burglary, and the evidence on the trial showed that his burglary consisted in cutting a hole through a tent in which several persons were sleeping, and then projecting his head and arm through the hole and abstracting various articles of value. It was claimed by his counsel, that inasmuch as he never actually entered into the tent with his whole body, he had not committed the offence charged, and must, therefore, be discharged. Judge Kent, in reply to this plea, told the jury that, if they were not satisfied that the whole man was involved in the crime, they might bring in a verdict of guilty against so much of him as was thus involved. The jury, after a brief consultation, found the right arm, the right shoulder, and the head of the prisoner guilty of the offence of burglary. The judge sentenced the right arm, the right shoulder and head to imprisonment with hard labor in the State prison for two years, remarking that as to the rest of the man's body he might do with it what he pleased.

Pleasantries.

Josh Billings says: "Whenever I find a real handsome woman engaged in the winmin's right bizziness, then I'm goin' to take my hat under mi arm and jine the procession."

A masculine book: Junior (laboriously)—"Der Buch ist"—Professor C.—"Hold! sir. Did you ever see a book of the masculine gender?" Junior (promptly)—"Yes, sir. A hymn book, sir."

Perfectly empty: "I do wish you would come home earlier," said a woman to her husband. "I am afraid to stay alone. I always imagine that there's somebody in the house, but when you come I know there ain't."

A Chicago man has invented a cast-iron tableware that looks just like porcelain, and is in ecstasies when he sees a servant girl drop half a dozen cups and shriek with horror at observing their failure to break.

A Sunday-school superintendent recently found the following sentiment chalked on his blackboard: "Pleas Mr. Superintendent don't fire off stories every Sunday at us boys, with an awful example of a bad boy in each of them. Give us a rest. Give the girls a turn. Go slow."

"So you've got twins at your house," said Mrs. Bezumbe to little Tommy Samuelson. "Yes, mum, two of 'em." "What are you going to call them?" "Thunder and lightning." "Why, those are strange names to call children." "Well, that's what pa called 'em as he heard they were in the house."

No accounting for tastes: When Brown, after eating a dinner at the restaurant, asked the proprietor to charge it, the latter said he should be glad to, but he kept no books. "Keep no books!" exclaimed Brown. "No," replied the other, "there is no accounting for tastes, you know—at least not in this shop."

An Indiana avenue lady dropped in on one of her neighbors for an afternoon call. "How is your daughter?" she inquired. "Splendid. She has just got back from the State Nominal School, where she ciphered clear through from ambition to chemical fractures, and then she took up pottery and jobbery, and says she can speculate the internal calculations."

Circumlocution: She was asked what she thought of one of her neighbors of the name of Jones, and with a knowing look replied: "Why, I don't like to say anything about my neighbors, but as to Mr. Jones, something I think, and then again I don't know, but after all, I rather guess he'll turn out to be a good deal such a sort of a man as I take him to be."

THE MESSENGER.

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To CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects, and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1883.

Rev. J. S. Irvine in an able letter to the *Christian Advocate*, brings out some features of the "English Salvation Army" that are not generally known on this side of the Atlantic. He says that some twenty-five years ago Mr. Booth broke loose from the "New Connection Methodists" and started out as an Evangelist. His work was carried on in a tent and afterwards in halls, and developed into a new denomination called the "Christian Mission" with an annual conference, but the organization got beyond his control and he revised a plan for getting it under his entire command. The name was changed to the "Salvation Army." The rules and discipline were laid aside, and the work reorganized after the model of the English Military System with "Army Regulations." Mr. Irvine says:

"Thus Mr. Booth placed himself at the head of the movement as General in-Chief, with entire command of every person and control of all the property connected with it. He procured a charter by Act of Parliament constituting himself, as General, sole trustee of all the real estate and other property. Thus every place of worship, every seat and book, and every thing else, great and small, pertaining to the Denomination is at his disposal, and he is authorized by Act of Parliament to appoint his own successor to office, who, it is generally understood, is to be his own son, and probably his son's sons to the latest generation. This is boldly indicated in the English edition of their book, 'All about the Salvation Army,' and in the 'War Cry,' but carefully omitted from the edition of the same book sold in America. Mr. Booth also reserved to himself the right to publish all the books of the Denomination."

"It will, therefore, be seen that the government of the movement is a *personal and family dynasty—a despotism more arbitrary than that of the Pope of Rome*—the people governed having neither vote nor choice in any thing relating to government, not even the power to elect a successor when their despot dies. Their sole duty is implicit obedience to the orders of the General and of all his subordinates in office. His word is law, and from his decision there is no appeal. Every officer under him must be ready at all times to move to any part of the work in obedience to his order by telegram."

The correspondent of the *Advocate* adds that such despotic government entrenched behind civil laws may do among the ignorant, degraded classes of England, but will not be successful here. It appears, moreover, that it is not doing well in London, where a serious mutiny against Mr. Booth's vigorous discipline, has called for the interference of the police.

Out of 4,400 burials that took place in Paris, during November last, 1,207 were without any religious service. The proportion of merely civil services is rapidly increasing, and the tremendous outpourings at the funerals of Louis Blanc and M. Gambetta will help to turn the tide in that way. It is true in many cases hitherto the religious service has been very perfunctory, but the drift shows a growing disregard for Christianity. It is sad to see even the outward proprieties which serve as barriers to irreligion broken away, but it is worse when men glory in a separation from God, and boast that they can do as well without Him.

We have received from Dr. J. Z. Gerhard the "Thirty-second Annual Report of the State Lunatic Asylum at Harrisburg," and from Dr. S. S. Schultz, the "Official Report of the State Hospital for the Insane, at Danville, Pa."

These reports both close with Sep. 30th, 1882, and present a subject for profound study, not only for the statistics they give but as illustrative of the care bestowed upon a most unfortunate class of persons. The institutions are under the auspices of the state, but the tenderness of Christianity is brought to bear upon them. Under no other system has philanthropy ever manifested itself in this way. If our holy religion had no other monuments these asylums would bear testimony in its favor.

The Directors and Instructors are chosen

from the best men of the state, and the most skilful physicians—those who have made the treatment of the insane a special study through life, are appointed superintendents. The experience thus gained makes institutions of this kind the proper place, not only for the afflicted in mind who may be poor, but also for the rich who are better provided for than they can be in the most luxurious private homes.

We cannot enter into the statements made in the reports before us. They can we suppose be had upon application by those interested in them. We visited the Hospital at Danville, while attending Synod there over a year ago, and were impressed by the courtesy of Dr. Schultz, not only to visitors, but also to his patients. The buildings are placed upon one of the most magnificent sites in the country, and are worthy of the munificence of the state, and the good taste and judgment of those who designed them. Part of them had just been destroyed by fire. We are glad that the work of replacing them has not been delayed. The Asylum at Harrisburg we have never visited, but are told that the appointments are very fine, and we hear a great deal to assure us that Dr. Gerhard is the right man in the right place.

After writing the above we spent an hour in listening to the discussions held by the National Association for the Protection of the Insane and the prevention of Insanity, the annual sessions of which were held in this city last week. The convention was composed of the most eminent physicians of the land, and well known Christian philanthropists of other professions. Our leading Medical schools were well represented and the whole subject was discussed with the intelligence and earnestness its great importance demands.

A congregation in Montreal has rendered itself liable to taxation on its church by holding a fair in it for profit. It is held by the city authorities, that in order to be exempt, the building must be used for Divine worship exclusively.

And now the efficacy of purgatorial fire is to be tested in the civil court. A zealous Roman Catholic in Australia left \$7000 for the delivery of his soul, and the executor of the estate declines to pay over the money until there is legal proof that it has been earned.

Comparative statistics are very curious. The North American *Review* says that more money is expended in this country upon funerals than for public schools, and a contemporary says it might have added that "the greater proportion of it was for purposes of display, and to feed the vanity of the living." Funerals must be a great tax upon the poor in cities, and the example of simplicity should be set by the rich.

"Sermonettes" is what they now call short discourses that do not reach the measure of full sermons. They are spoken of as "nice little bonnet talks, sufficient to call the congregation together, but not powerful enough to wear them out."

Speaking of the late visit of Princess Louise to Richmond, Virginia, a special from that place says: "After dinner she smoked a dainty cigarette from a package handed her. It is understood that she always enjoys a cigarette after dinner. The custom being unknown among ladies has occasioned some comment." It is a pity the person who has been playing Boswell to the Queen's daughter has made this announcement even if the statement is true. It will set a great many foolish girls to smoking, and that may be their only royal habit. Vices are often more readily imitated than virtues. A man, it is said, once tried to be smart as Satan, but he only showed the cloven foot, that could be found as well on any stupid ox.

[OUR JUVENILE CHURCH PAPERS.]

We prefer designating them in this manner rather than to call them Sunday-School papers, because they are intended mainly for the children of the Church, the lambs of Christ's fold, for those who attend Sunday-School and for those who have not the opportunity,

We wish to say a word about the two papers, issued by our Publication Board—*Sunshine* and *Child's Treasury*. We have recently examined some half-dozen papers of similar design and grade published by other denominations, and while they all are good, some better than others, we think ours are *best*. Our brethren of other denominations may think the same

of theirs; then one thing is certain, at least, that our own are the best for us.

Little Sunshine is truly what its name imports. It wears a sunshiny face with every visit it makes to the little folks. Little children, too young as yet to read themselves, nestle up close by their older brothers or sisters, and especially their mothers, to listen to the little stories and good words of *Sunshine*. That this little luminary intends to stay, and shine on, is evident from the late report of the Board of Publication.

But the *Child's Treasury*, intended for children of riper years and for youth, we wish to speak of more in particular. We have observed the course of this messenger to the lambs from its first appearance to the present time, and we think we can testify to its great value as an educator of children in the Church. It has also steadily increased in efficiency and interest, until it has become one of the very best periodicals of its kind. It is edited, now as formerly, with marked ability, and with very clear practical insight into the spiritual needs of that earnest class of inquirers for whom the diligent labor expended on it is designed.

This is a general way. We wish now to urge parents and teachers, and of course pastors, first to read every number of the *Child's Treasury* themselves, and then see that the children do the same. It is not time lost that is spent in reading so much at least of juvenile literature as we place into the hands of our children; for we thereby benefit not only ourselves, but them also, by entering thus into sympathy with them in their youthful mental and religious development. Then every Reformed congregation should supply itself yearly with as many copies of this paper as there are families in it. And if it be read by all, old and young, it will never be discontinued. We never knew any one give up a good periodical that he regularly and thoroughly read. And our *Child's Treasury* needs only to be read, every number throughout each year, in order to be loved, and retained as a fully adopted member of the family.

This is the order, from childhood to and throughout manhood and womanhood: *Sunshine*, *Child's Treasury*, *Guardian*, *Messenger*, *Reformed Church Quarterly*, and these all the time. With such a graded system of Christian nurture, such an order of progression, as a helper to the more direct home and pastoral teaching, what will be the future of the Church? A body of men and women "strong in the Lord and in the power of His might."

K.

it is evident that this can not be brought about without some difficulty. But this fact alone ought not to deter the Synod from enacting the proposed regulations. Very few steps of real and permanent advancement are ever taken without encountering some obstacles. Efforts for a change of language, the division and reconstruction of charges, the building of churches and parsonages, and the support of missions, have all been met, in past years, by indifference, opposition, and rebellion on the part of some. And it has only been by ignoring or overcoming this opposition that progress in these directions has been made.

Some loss has no doubt attended these steps forward; but this has been more than made up by increased efficiency on the part of what remained and by subsequent gains directly traceable to such steps. And the same result might follow the action proposed in this case.

These boundary line resolutions might also be adopted, and then regarded and treated as pedagogical, or educational, in their character; like the celebrated Galesburg rule in the Lutheran Church. We always do better when we have an ideal before us to which we are striving to work up. And this ideal ought to be a high one. He that aims at the sun at noonday, may not reach it, but he will shoot higher than he that aims at the horizon. And this ideal in Church regulations ought to be one common to all the pastors and people. As it is now, one man may work for something of this kind without synodical action. But his neighbor's ideal may be to get the largest possible number of members into his church and keep them there, without reference to the proper limits of his charge, or the rights of the adjacent flocks. Now let the Synod adopt this, or something similar, and all will have the same end set before them. It will be in the interest of law and order. Where its strict enforcement would do harm, let those in authority be cautious. Let them labor to convince the reason and gain the consent of the will and then it will not be difficult to secure obedience, at least in the end, to a law so evidently just and impartial.

It must also be remembered that this law is proposed primarily, as appears on the face of it, for pastors rather than people. It instructs Classes to fix boundary lines, and forbids pastors to pass beyond them to do official work, without permission of Classis. It is to affect certain of the people also, but only indirectly. And surely, whatever danger there might be of some of the people rebelling against the enforcement of too stringent a law, the day of ministerial rebellions in our Church is past. We can not always compel members to submit perhaps. The Church does not inflict fine and imprisonment in our day. But Classes and Synods have means of bringing refractory ministers to terms, which are as effective as any known to civil government. So that the difficulty of enforcement might not after all be as great as some would imagine. It is even likely that all pastors would at once fall in with the rule, and do all in their power, short of an attempt at coercion, to bring the people under its operation.

L.

BOUNDARY LINES.

The establishment of fixed boundary lines between adjacent charges might seem, at first sight, too tyrannical a measure to accord with the spirit of liberty which obtains in the Church of our day. It might be said that men would rebel against such a system of procrustean regulations. Take the case of a man living almost midway between two churches, belonging to different pastoral charges. He has attended one of these churches all his life time. The division lines are laid down as directed by a Classis. And this man falls within the territory of the other charge. He is called upon to change his pastor, and his congregational relations, very much against his own inclinations perhaps, just because he happens to live a hundred yards to the right or to the left of the line. He may not be disposed to submit to this demand. He may consider the rule and its enforcement as infringing upon his rights. He may determine to leave the church, rather than yield, and transfer his membership to some other denomination or remain outside altogether.

Or take the case of a member who conceives himself to have been aggrieved. The pastor, or his fellow parishioners, have not treated him well. At least that is his way of looking at the matter. He has a certain sort of attachment to the church of his fathers. And he will remain in the church, with his family, if he can connect himself with a neighboring congregation belonging to another pastoral charge. Such a safety-valve may prevent a serious explosion. But here the boundary line rule comes in. He can, do this according to his resolutions. And rather than remain in the congregation to which he belongs, he will leave the church altogether. In this case it appears that harm would be done the individual, and the church would suffer loss.

There seems to be some force in these objections. However desirable it might be to have the boundary lines once established, and have everyone observe them,

overseers in the House of the Lord. It is true great responsibilities rest upon them because of their high official position in the assemblies of believers; but it seemed good to the heavenly Father to give them also special helpers, as right and left hand supporters. All the members of the Churches are to assist them—work with them, but especially the elders and the deacons.

In wisdom God associates these office-bearers with the ministry to accomplish His benevolent ends in the earth.

This difference, however, is recognized between these office-bearers. The ministry are to give themselves, time and talents, entirely and exclusively "to prayer, and to the ministry of the Word," Acts 6: 1-6. They are to preach the Gospel, pure and unadulterated, and administer the Sacraments in a sense in which the other office bearers associated with them in the service of the Church are not. They are in a special, or peculiar sense "Seelen Sorger." They have the care and cure of souls intrusted to them. They are to assist souls out of sin-entanglement. They are to labor in season and out of season to promote the spiritual interests of the people. They are to be zealous, and terribly in earnest, about eternal and divine things. They are not to engage in any temporal pursuits for accumulation of property, unless necessity is laid upon them, or the cause of the Master demands. Elders and deacons are not so restricted.

As there are diversities of gifts among office-bearers so are there also diversity of duties. All, however, are not solemnly set apart for special service by the rite of ordination and the act of installation.

Ordination is performed by Divine authority. Installation by Ecclesiastical enactment. Ordination is not to be regarded as of human invention—as a very impressive ceremony—a good and proper way of inducting chosen men into office. It has more than human significance. It is heaven-ordained. Of spiritual import. It is the investiture of a man with official authority to minister in Christ's stead among men by the laying on of hands of previously ordained persons.

Installation is induction of the ordained to take the oversight of the flock of God. It is the act by which the ordained enter upon their official position to perform the functions of this office among the people. The act of ordination is never repeated—once or always ordained. Men may prove utterly unworthy: may not magnify their office before God and men: may violate their solemn vows to serve the Lord: may forget and neglect the sheep and lambs of God's fold, and the Church may then forbid them to perform any official acts. This the Church can do, will do, and should always do when men are recreant, but of their vows assumed at the time of ordination the Church has no power to release them. God holds them to their vows. Before Him they must ultimately appear and render an account. In the hour of death only are men freed from ordination vows. The offices are heaven ordained, and the men called, and solemnly set apart, to fill them should so regard them. The functions of the offices are to be performed with the realization that thereby God is glorified, praised and honored.

H.

Rev. Dr. C. F. McCauley has met another bereavement in the death of his daughter Clara, who departed this life on Tuesday, the 23d inst. The frequent and heavy strokes which have fallen on that dear brother, have called forth the sympathy of the Church, and now, that he is again bowed by affliction, many hearts will go out towards him with peculiar tenderness, and many prayers will be offered that he may be sustained in his sore trial. Obituary next week.

The Superintendent requests us to say that he has received subscription money for the *MESSENGER*, from the following persons who have not given their Post Office address: B. Heefner, Aaron Reed, Miss Kate Hild. A postal order has also been received from Harrisonburg, Va., with no signature. Mr. Fisher does not know how to give proper credit for these monies and would like to hear from the parties concerned. A little more care in these matters would save much trouble, and insure accuracy in keeping accounts square.

We acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the Minutes of the German Synod of the East, for 1882, issued by the German Publication House at Cleveland, Ohio.

Rev. H. K. Binkley sends us eleven new subscribers for the *MESSENGER* from the Westminster charge, Rev. J. G. Noss, pastor. The Silver Run charge has not yet been canvassed.

Communications.

DEATH OF REV. JACOB WEAVER.

Rev. Jacob Weaver was born in Middletown, Frederick County, Maryland, January 23, A. D., 1810, and departed this life in Sidney, Shelby County, Ohio, December 28, A. D., 1882, aged seventy-two years and eleven months. He died after lingering some four weeks with paralysis of the heart.

Thus another watchman upon the walls of our Reformed Zion has fallen. Another veteran of the cross has passed over the river. Another ambassador has finished his mission.

Yes, a good and a great man has fallen in Israel. Among those consecrated to the office of the Christian ministry, Bro. Weaver stood in the van. Not that we would ignore the claims of others, yet we are free to say that none labored more earnestly and zealously to lift perishing humanity out of the slums of sin and iniquity than did he. With a lofty genius he combined the greater moral purity, the glowing fervor of the true Reformer, and the world-embracing love of the true Christian philanthropist. His was the divine spark that kindled the ecstatic thought and feeling. His messages of love were the soul-elevating strains that were eminently calculated to animate the human heart with love, virtue, truth and liberty. He never prostituted the office of the true Christian ministry to unworthy or sordid purposes. But in his every official act, he sought to advance the moral and intellectual elevation of the human race. His great heart was all aglow with true love for his fellow-men. Their sorrows and their joys were his. Hence, he enjoyed great popularity among his people as a true minister of the gospel, an elevated Christian gentleman, and the more than filial veneration with which they still cherish his memory. It is not too much to say that his memory is sacredly enshrined in their every heart. The memory of this faithful man of God has struck deep and enduring roots in the hearts of the people of his charge.

Bro. Weaver commenced the special preparation for the peculiar office of the Christian ministry several years after he was married, under the private instructions and direction of Rev. Dr. C. F. McCaulay, who was at that time pastor of the Reformed church at Middletown, and after pursuing a regular theological course, was licensed and ordained to the office of the Christian ministry (I think) by the Lancaster Classis (Ohio Synod) in the year of our Lord, 1847, upon a call from the Jerusalem charge, Fairfield county, Ohio. After a brief pastorate in the Jerusalem charge, he received and accepted a call to the Port Jefferson charge. Here his pastorate was blessed with good results, but it was also brief. From Port Jefferson he removed to the St. Paul's charge. Soon thereafter, he felt himself impelled by a sense of duty to accept of a call to the North Clayton charge. While preaching to this charge he lived in Gettysburg, Daile county, Ohio, and while living here his first wife died, leaving him a widower with seven living children. While pastor of this charge he discovered that he had a joint interest in Salem church, Daile county. Accordingly he commenced holding regular services in this church, which culminated in the organization of the regular Reformed congregation.

Shortly after this organization was effected, he resigned the North Clayton charge. He then removed to Sidney. He continued to preach to the Salem congregation, and also to two small congregations in Randolph county, Indiana. And to these he continued to preach with great acceptance until about the year 1878, when he felt impelled by reason of age and failing strength to resign the Indiana congregation, and confine his labors to the Salem congregation. Soon, however, he organized another congregation in Shelby county, Ohio, known as St. James congregation. Here, a little over a year since, a new church building was erected. It was dedicated to the worship of the Triune God, September 17, 1881. To this latter charge he has preached with great acceptance about twenty-two years. The people of his charge were devoutly attached to him, and now mourn because he is not.

Though Bro. Weaver was not a classical scholar, yet he combined with a good common English education a large proportion of common sense. Always modest and retiring, he exhibited a modest and child-like bearing in his intercourse with both clergy and people. Humility, indeed, was one of the shining marks of his public and private character. While he instinctively shrank from public notoriety, yet he would on all occasions most earnestly contend for what he considered Scriptural and truthful. No oppositions or the fear of the loss of popularity could drive him from his positions when once taken. Never hasty in arriving at conclusions, but when he reached a conclusion he was firm and steadfast, and would most earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints. Possessed of a naturally methodical mind, he would reach his propositions by graceful, free and easy steps, which rendered him truly a workman which needeth not to be ashamed—an efficient minister of the gospel. And yet Bro. Weaver, like all other men, had his little faults and blemishes. Though the spirit was willing the flesh was weak. Let us then who survive him throw the broad mantle of true charity over these his shortcomings. Let us strive to imitate his many virtues and avoid his shortcomings.

As we have already intimated Bro. Weaver was married the first time in Frederick county, Maryland, to Miss Sophie Wise, January 17, 1839. By this union there were nine children born unto them—three sons and six daughters. Two of them died while quite young. The other seven all lived to become grown men and women, and were all still living at the death of their sainted mother, which occurred about twenty-two years since. Subsequently to her's and prior to their father's death, five of these seven children died, all with the fell destroyer consumption, so that there are at present but two out of the nine children living.

On February 12th, 1878, he was married the second time to Miss Rhoda Seitz, in Randolph County, Indiana. From this last marriage, which was also a very happy one, there was no issue.

He remained a widower about 22 years, and until all his children were either dead or married, except his youngest son.

He was engaged in preaching the gospel about thirty-five years. He leaves disconsolate wife and two children, one daughter and one son, and six grandchildren to mourn their irreparable loss.

Thus has fallen by the hand of death a kind and loving husband, a doting and affectionate father, an earnest and faithful pastor, and a true Christian gentleman.

He was buried in Graceland Cemetery by the side of his former wife and children on the 30th of Dec., 1882. A large concourse of people attending upon the occasion, many of whom were his parishioners.

The clergy who were present were from the Reformed Church, Revs. J. C. Beale, L. Clayton, H. Shauall, and from the M. E. Church, Rev. Daniel Strong. Rev. Beale read the hymns and the Scriptures. Rev. A. Shauall preached the sermon, and the Rev. D. Strong offered up the prayer. Rev. Shauall also performing the Liturgical services at the grave.

H. S. in Christian World.

THE LATE REV. H. A. FRIEDEL.

By Rev. Theodore Appel, D. D.

It is with deep regret that we here announce the death of the Rev. H. A. Friedel, our German missionary at Harrisburg, which took place on the 15th of January. He attended a funeral on a cold day in December last, caught a cold, which settled in one of his jaws and led to inflammation. A tooth was extracted which made matters still worse. Gangrene set in, and after an illness of five or six weeks, he fell gently asleep in Christ in the 60th year of his age and the 32d of his ministry.

Pastor Friedel was born in Hamburg, North Germany, of Christian parents, on the 8th of September, 1823. He spent his youth in a period when there was an awakening to a new spiritual life in the fatherland, especially in the western part, along the Rhine country, from Basel down to the ocean, which was everywhere attended with blessed fruits. Dr. Krummacher was then in his prime, and the influence of his evangelical preaching was felt far and near. Young Friedel sat at his feet, read his books, and was moulded by his spirit. The revival of a true missionary spirit in Germany, which was the outgrowth of this new life, took hold of many of the young men in the churches, and induced them to devote themselves to the missionary work in foreign countries. Dr. Krummacher's new awakened interest in the German churches in this country, after Dr. Schaff came over, induced some to come to America, where they are still laboring usefully in the cause of Christ. Among these was Mr. Friedel.

Having received a classical education in the gymnasium of his native city, he came to this country in the year 1848, with the view of preparing himself for the ministry; and here he pursued a course of theological study in our Seminary at Mercersburg. His first charge was in the West, where he remained one year, from 1851–52. He then came to Philadelphia and labored there about three years, during which time the Bethlehem church, in which Pastor Gantzenbein afterwards served, was built by his diligence and activity. After this he served a German mission in New Jersey under the Board, some seven months; but regarding it as not promising, he withdrew from the field, and connected himself with the Dutch Reformed Church, very much to the regret of his German brethren.

Having been born and reared in a large city, he preferred laboring in a city, and for this he was best qualified. In 1856 he took charge of the Duane Street Evangelical Mission in New York, and continued in this field for the period of ten years, laboring in season and out of season, in preaching the Gospel and in pastoral work. He succeeded in gathering together a congregation of some four or five hundred members; but he found difficulties in properly organizing the material on hand, and so in 1866 he withdrew and took charge of the Norfolk Street Church, which the Rev. Abraham Berky, one of our ministers, had been serving. It was made up of German Reformed people, but it was also under the jurisdiction of the Dutch Reformed Church. Most of the Duane Street members followed their pastor to the Norfolk Street Church, which added very much to its strength, and their mission passed away.

Mr. Friedel remained in his new charge on Norfolk Street also ten years, until 1876. The church is one of the largest in the city, as it regards seating capacity, and it had a membership of 1100 when he left it. Here he spent the prime of his life, and his labors must have been immense. He baptized children by the scores and the hundreds during the year, and confirmed as many as 200 young people at a time. At length he retreated from his heavy burdens, and sought some relaxation from care in a quiet place on Long Island, at Flatbush, where he served a small German mission with acceptance for about five years.

The next time we heard of him he was at Wrightsville, Pa., in 1881, whether he had come to live with his son, a physician, with the view apparently of withdrawing from pastoral labor, for a while at least. But he was not there more than a few weeks, when he reported himself for service to his Reformed brethren, and he was placed in charge of the Zwingli Mission at Harrisburg in the summer of 1881. He loved the ministerial work, and seemed happiest when engaged in its sacred duties.

He served the congregation at Harrisburg acceptably for over a year, and his prospects of building up this struggling mission were bright and encouraging. His death, therefore, was a severe blow to it, and a loss to the church, which we hope and pray the Great Shepherd will overrule for good to us all. He was an admirable German preacher, and would have graced any German pulpit in this country. His language was pure, chaste, and somewhat ornate, but not too much so. He had learned much from Krummacher, not, however, by a slavish imitation of his style, but by imbibing his spirit. To us he seemed to have all the earnestness and strength of voice of Krummacher himself. Few preachers, whether English or German, we thought, could bring more of the Gospel or evangelic truth into his sermon, in a simple, artless manner.

His funeral took place on the 19th of January. The Rev. J. H. Pannebecker preached the German sermon. Text: 2 Kings 2: 12. The Superintendent of Missions and the Rev. G. W. Snyder delivered addresses in the English language; and the Rev. W. H. H. Snyder, and the Rev. A. S. Stauffer offered up the prayers in both languages. His colleagues in the ministry, who were present, reverently assisted in removing his body to the grave, amidst the subdued weeping and mourning of an afflicted family and congregation. There may it rest until the sea gives up its dead, and these vile bodies of ours shall revive, and our shapes and faces shall look heavenly and divine.

Why was his stay so brief, why did he go? So soon, when waxes long and loud the cry Of starving millions for the bread of life? And why must he succumb to ruthless death, Die on the field with all his armor on,— When sin's vile hosts in proud array come forth,

To bind both young and old in error's chains? Let sense be still, let reason yield to Faith: See, Christ is on the field, and angels too, And they who die in Him, still carry on The war, stand in the breach, and give us help, Till Death is swallowed up in victory.

INSTALLATION.

On Sunday, Jan. 21st, 1883, at 4 o'clock, P. M., Rev. A. B. Stoner was installed as pastor of Grace Mission at Tenth and Dauphin streets, Philadelphia, by a committee of Philadelphia Classis, consisting of Revs. David Van Horne, D. D., D. Ernest Klopp, D. D., and James I. Good. Dr. V. preached an excellent sermon on the duties of the pastor, taking as his text, John xxi. 15–17.

Under the beautiful and touching analogy of the shepherd, he developed the duties of the pastor toward the children, the adults, the sick, aged and infirm of the congregation. Bro. G. read a solemn and impressive manner the installation service, and Dr. K. followed in a few appropriate

remarks to the congregation. He urged them to refrain from criticizing their pastor, and from imagining that their duty is done when they do nothing positively wrong; the sins of omission among church members are usually more and greater than those of commission. The occasion was a most refreshing and encouraging one to the members of the little flock which had been for six months without a shepherd.

In the evening of the same day the pastor preached his inaugural address to the congregation, taking his text from II Thess. iii. 1. "Pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have full course and be glorified."

FEMALE EDUCATION.

The education of the daughters of the Church is a duty equal in every respect to the education of the sons. The latter have received some attention, but the former have been in large measure neglected. Again, and again, has the attention of the Church been directed to this subject, but with no adequate response. The Church has lost very much in internal power, as well as in denominational influence by neglecting to educate her daughters. Woman rules the world, and her power for good in the church is everywhere felt, if not acknowledged. In the department of missions and mission work her labor has been, and is, incalculable. Just as her aid and influence is cultured and utilized, will results far exceeding our present attainments be visible. We all know, and have experienced, the mother's power in the formation of character. While in these busy times, the father is energetically pursuing his ambitions, or raking together that mass of wealth which, to him, is to be the comfort of his family, or to furnish the power for further ambitions he may entertain for his children, the mother, as she may, or, may not be imbued with a proper Christian spirit, is forming the character of those children which will make them either useful in the kingdom of God, the indolents of a false fashionable life, or it may be of a dissolute existence which will be to them the bitter fruits of wasted years.

What is the Reformed Church doing for the education of her daughters? There is but one institution east of the Ohio, which is open for girls. There are several, Mercersburg and Palatine Colleges, where both sexes are admitted. Those who prefer such a course of instruction, can avail themselves of these. There are many, however, who do not favour the co-education of the sexes. To such the Female College at Allentown, Pa., opens its doors. The location is beautiful and healthy. The buildings are well adapted for the purpose—though needing enlargement, and a chapel. The city has a large Reformed congregation, which are supplied with faithful pastors. The principal, Rev. W. R. Hofford, is a minister of the Reformed Church, and known, in and out of the denomination, and esteemed a thorough educator. He is assisted by a faculty, efficient in their several departments. The course of study is full, while careful attention is given to music and art. The whole life and instruction of the College is pervaded by a Christianity, which is pure, and moulding in the character of the pupils. While the College is known as under the control of East Pennsylvania and Lehigh Classes, it is in no way sectarian. It is not, nor should it in any way be regarded as weak. It should command the patronage of the whole region of the church now known as Tri-Synod territory. The brethren who have organized this institution to meet the wants of those who believe in the separate education of the sexes, have a right to expect the co-operation of their brethren. The wants of the church demand that her daughters should be fitted for the work before them, and her call should challenge her wealthy membership to a liberal response in this noble work.

J. HEYSEN.

RE-OPENING OF A REFORMED CHURCH.

On Sunday, January 7th, 1883, the Reformed Church of Weatherly, Carbon county, Pa., was reopened for public worship, with appropriate services. Weatherly is a borough of about 2500 inhabitants, situated nearly nine miles north of Penn Haven Junction. The Hazleton and Beaver Meadow Railroad passes through it, and its extensive machine and car shops located there, give life and activity to the place. The Reformed Church, which had been built a number of years ago, needed re-modelling. It was accordingly re-painted and furnished with new furniture in the chancel and on the pulpit platform. The aisles were covered with matting—the walls and ceiling neatly painted. A large new chandelier suspended from the ceiling, which together with the two lamps on the pulpit desk, furnish the light, and a new furnace in the basement supplies the heat necessary to render the church comfortable during winter.

The church in its new garb, presents an inviting and attractive appearance, and its members may well adopt the language of the Psalmist and exclaim: "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts. My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord."

The young but efficient and popular pastor of the congregation, Rev. A. M. Maserheimer, was assisted on the occasion by Rev. N. S. Strassburger, who preached a sermon in the forenoon in the German, and another in the evening in the English language, to crowded houses. The pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, preached also an English sermon in the afternoon, and was assisted in the services by the pastor of the Presbyterian Church.

The members of the congregation, who contributed liberally to remodel their church, have the pleasure of knowing that the house of God is not only beautified, but also a more comfortable place to worship Him.

S.

A call for a General State Temperance Convention to meet in Harrisburg on February 8th and 9th, has been issued by Joshua L. Bailey, Chairman of the committee. Orders for excursion tickets, at two cents per mile, may be had for divisions of the Pennsylvania Railroad and branches, of Rev. D. C. Babcock, 46 North Eleventh Street, Philadelphia. For "orders" over the Cumberland Valley R. R., apply to D. S. Monroe, D. D., Chambersburg. The Bloomsburg Division of the D. L. & W. R. R., will sell to Northumberland and return, at 2 cents per mile. No "orders" are needed on that line, but those using it will require "orders" from Northumberland to Harrisburg. The Lehigh Valley R. R., has round-trip tickets at reduced rates. Those wishing to go over the Reading Road can apply directly to Mr. Babcock, and he will make the best terms possible.

Address
REFORMED CHURCH PUB. BOARD,
907 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Synod of the Potowmack.

Rev. Isaac M. Motter has resigned the pastorate of the Mt. Alto charge, said resignation to take effect April 1, 1883.

Christmas was observed in a happy manner by St. Paul's Reformed Sunday-school of Waynesboro, Pa. The church was tastefully decorated with laurel, which remains through the Epiphany season. The pastor of St. Paul's was very kindly remembered by the members of his congregation, taking his text from II Thess. iii. 1. "Pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have full course and be glorified."

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Business Department.

Rev. CHARLES G. FISHER,
Superintendent and Treasurer

TERMS OF THE MESSENGER:

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Large Print, without Tunes.

Mus

Miscellaneous.

THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

Oh! the old, old clock of the household stock
Was the brightest thing and the neatest;
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime rang still the sweetest.
'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few,

Yet they lived though nations altered;
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young;
When the voice of friendship faltered;
"Tick, tick," it said—"quick, quick to bed—
For nine I've given warning;
Up, up and go, or else you know,
You'll never rise soon in the morning."

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And blessed the time, with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling;

But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
As it called at daylight boldly,
When the dawn looked gray on the misty way,
And the early air blew coldly;

"Tick, tick," it said—"quick, out of bed—
For five I've given warning;
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,
Unless you're up soon in the morning."

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that ceases never;

While tears are shed for the bright days fled,
And the old friends lost forever:

Its heart beats on, though hearts are gone
That warmer beat and younger;

Its hands still move, though hands we love
Are clasped on earth no longer!

"Tick, tick," it said—"to the church-yard bed—
The grave hath given warning—

Up, up and rise, and look to the skies,
And prepare for a heavenly morning!"

—Selected.

Selections.

I am only glad, being praised, for what I know is worth the praising.—George Eliot.

Better the pure heart of our youth
Than palaces of gold.—Mulock.

I never saw a dying Christian who had not dying grace; and certainly He who can help us to die can also help us to live.—W. S. Plummer, D. D.

There is wonderful power in knowing how to wait—to wait as "the Apostles and brethren" did—on God, and for God. And no one that waits thus will ever be ashamed.

"All sunshine," says the Arab proverb, "makes the desert." And nothing hardens the average clay of humanity so much as the sunlight of uninterrupted prosperity.

If God's Spirit abide with thee, all things will be easy from the Spirit and love. For there is nothing which makes the soul so courageous' and venturesome for anything as a good hope—Chrysostom.

That thou mayst injure no man, dove-like be,
And serpent-like that none may injure thee.

—Cowper.

God hath made many sharp-cutting instruments and rough files for the polishing of His jewels; and those He especially loves, and means to make the most resplendent, He hath oftenest His tools upon.—Leighton.

There may be much indistinctness in the mind, something even of error; but if the truth be there; if the Scriptural knowledge of God in Jesus Christ be the one great influencing motive there, Jesus will Himself be there as a Prophet, Priest, and King, and all will be peace.—Blunt.

Science and Art.

Muller's "Arab Shepherds," now become famous, was once refused hanging room at an exhibition of the Royal Academy in London. It was recently sold in the same city for \$13,000.

Excavations carried on without the walls of Pompeii have disclosed, collected into one room sixteen skeletons. Ear-rings, breastpins, and household implements were found near by.

The palettes used by some French artists, to the number of two hundred, have been collected, and many of them have been beautifully decorated. They are to be presented to the Louvre.

A church in Bavaria accommodating one thousand people, has been almost entirely built of paper mache, which can be supplied at a cost little above that of plaster. It can be made to imitate the finest marble, as it takes a polish superior to slate.

The manufacture of scales has been carried to such a degree of delicacy, that in the Assay Office in this city there are some in use, in which, if two pieces of paper are placed, and they exactly balance, the mere writing a name on one of them with a pencil will destroy the balance.

An important collection of Japanese paintings, rolls, and colored drawings, brought together by Dr. Gierke, of Breslau, has been bought by the Berlin National Gallery for 45,000 francs. This gathering is reported to be the most valuable and complete of its kind, and to illustrate Japanese art from the thirteenth century.

A Cleveland man has invented a barrel without hoops or staves. It is made of paper mache, being revolved very fast. The mache lines the inside, and by air pressure is pressed hard. The iron cylinder is then opened, and the paper mache barrel taken out and baked. The bung hole is left open in the manufacture.

An altar and reredos which have just been erected in the Church of the Holy Cross, Liverpool, are stated to have few if any rivals in Great Britain. The group on the sinister side represents the finding of the Holy Cross by St. Helen, and the miracle by which the true cross was distinguished from those of the two thieves. This panel is seven feet in height, and nine feet broad. On the dexter side, "The Descent from the Cross" forms the subject.

When Hon. L. S. Sackville-West, the British Minister at Washington, arrived in this country in the steamship Indiana, in November, 1881, he was very courteously received by the citizens of Philadelphia and hospitably treated during his

sojourn here. In the course of his visits to places famed in local history Minister West noticed in the picture gallery of the western room of Independence Hall a small portrait of his ancestor, Thomas West, third Lord De la Warr, who had been Governor and Captain-General in Virginia, and who, being driven by a storm into Delaware Bay in 1611, his name was first given to the river. Mr. West did not think the portrait a faithful one, and subsequently wrote to his family in England in reference to the matter. The Countess of Derby, Mr. West's sister, ordered the family portrait of Thomas West, which had been painted by Hilliard, of London, and which is now in the possession of the present Earl De la Warr, to be copied by Margaret Thompson of London, and joining with his sister, the Duchess of Bedford and her brother sent it to Mr. West to be presented to the city of Philadelphia as a token of their appreciation of the cordial manner in which the Minister had been treated by its citizens. The portrait is life size, handsomely framed, and bears in the upper corner the motto of the De la Warrs, "Jour de ma vie."

Personal.

It is announced that Professor Robertson Smith has accepted the chair of Arabic in Cambridge, vacant by the death of Professor Palmer.

Rev. C. P. Wing, D. D., of Carlisle, Pa., who has been in the Christian ministry over half a century, recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage.

Prince Bismarck's salary as Chancellor and Prime Minister is \$14,000, and he is allowed \$5,000 more to maintain the style of living necessary to his rank.

Rev. George M. S. Blauvelt, formerly pastor at Tappan, N. Y., was installed pastor of the Reformed Dutch church at Easton, Pa., January 2. Rev. Dr. Hutton, of New Brunswick, preached the sermon.

Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, who dressed Wilkes Booth's fractured leg, when he was fleeing, after the murder of President Lincoln, and who served a term in Dry Tortugas for harboring him, died at Bryanstown, Md., recently. He was a member of an old and influential family in Southern Maryland.

Prince Frederick Charles Alexander, brother of the Emperor William of Germany, died on Sunday, 14th inst., at Berlin, at the age of 82 years. He was the father of Prince Frederick Charles, who won such high military honors in the wars with Austria and France. The Emperor William is 86 years of age, and is still strong and healthy.

The Bishop of Sodor and Man is not without some sense of humor. At a railway station recently, the man, who was looking after the bishop's baggage, asked, "How many articles your lordship?" "Thirty-nine," replied the bishop, with a sly twinkle of the eye. The man looked grave, and said, "That is too many, I am afraid." "Ah," said the bishop, "I see you are a dissenter."

Items of Interest.

From the soot adhering to the inner lining of the chimney of the royal mint in Berlin, four pounds of gold were collected, worth about \$1,000.

The remains of the first Archbishop of New York, the Most Rev. John Hughes, will be removed from the Old Cathedral at New York to the new, Jan. 30.

Happily for the Chinese, says Dr. Young, lately of Hong Kong, nearly all their medicines are inert, such as pearls, tiger's bones, rhinoceros horns, fossil bones, and other articles having no medicinal value.

A public meeting was held at Valley Forge, Penna., to take steps for the erection of a monument on the Revolutionary camping ground. A committee was appointed to collect subscriptions, and Mr. A. J. Drexel was chosen treasurer.

At an auction sale of old Government medical supplies, at St. Louis, among other things one man bought 17,308 pills for thirty cents. A local paper says, "The books and instruments sold have been used before, but the pills were entirely new."

It has been recently stated that the word fashion owes its origin to a dress-maker of that name, who lived in London. As people say now, such a dress is a "Worth," so they then said it is a "Fashion." If that is the true etymology, it would seem to have escaped the researches of Skeat.

In digging a tunnel under the hill of Posillipo, Naples, the workmen came across another tunnel, of unknown antiquity and in perfect preservation, 6 feet 3 inches in height and 2½ feet in width. A laborer walked some distance along it without finding an outlet. Explorations have been ordered by the municipal Government.

The Home for the Friendless at Chicago has done a year's good work, befriending over two thousand adults and children, for the majority of whom employment and homes have been furnished. The Industrial School has an average attendance of sixty. The financial report showed that the total receipts for the year had been \$25,630; expenditures, \$21,712.

The University of Pennsylvania dates back to 1755, and is the outcome of the College of Philadelphia, which was founded chiefly through the influence of Dr. Franklin and Dr. Wm. Smith, the first Provost. It now gives instruction in eight different schools or departments. There are 90 officers of instruction and government, and the catalogue gives the names of 1,004 students. William Pepper, M. D., LL. D., is present Provost.

The cremation furnace at Gotha celebrated on December 9th the fourth anniversary of its existence by the burning of its one hundredth subject. During the first of the four years there were 16 cremations at Gotha; during the second, 17; the third, 34; and the fourth, 32. Thuringia, including Gotha, contributed 41 of the 100; Saxony, 14, and Bavaria, 10. As to sex, 75 were men and 25 women, while as to religion, 66 were Protestants, 28 Catholics, and 6 Jews.

M. Gounod made an eloquent but unavailing plea against the suppression of the grant of \$60,000 a year hitherto made by the French Government to the cathedrals for support of the organs and choirs. It is a heavy blow, he says, to the cause of musical education, for cathedral choirs have always been the nurseries of great musicians, such as Palestrina, Tallis, Sebastian Bach, Handel, Pergolesi, Porpora, the master of Haydn, and Vogler, the teacher of Weber and Meyerbeer.

Montreal is having a Winter Carnival. It commenced on the 24th inst., and hundreds of men were engaged in building an ice-palace on Dominion square, which proved to be a

grand affair. The centre tower is 120 feet in height, with a tower little less in height at each corner. Forty thousand feet of ice were required for the structure. The interior, as well as the exterior, was most brilliantly lighted by electricity. The attendance of many prominent persons from this country was a marked feature.

Nearly \$300,000,000 is the estimated cost of the proposed ship canal from Bordeaux, on the Bay of Biscay, to Narbonne, on the Gulf of Lyons, a distance of about 240 miles—thus making a direct connection between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. It is proposed to tow vessels by steam engines running along the banks, and the voyage is expected to be made in three days. In addition to this vast engineering scheme, is that for uniting the Loire and Rhone by canal, with, of course, a similar purpose.

Malaria, so prevalent at Rome, is attributed by Prof. Tucci to superficial draining. He regards it as much an evil as would be stagnant waters above ground, on account of the action of the water and atmosphere upon the tufa beneath the surface of the soil. The drains of the old Romans, before the days of malaria in the city, were often 15 meters below the surface of the ground. Perhaps our watering places, which are becoming filled with malaria, and the country at large, may learn a lesson from the professor's investigations.

Reports come from Mexico of the discovery near La Paz of the largest pearl the world has ever seen. It is of light color and oval form, one inch in length, and three-quarters of an inch thick at its shortest diameter, and of surpassing lustre. No doubt the oyster was glad to be put out of its misery, for its tenant was too big to be accommodated, and too strong to be dispossessed. For a long time the poor bivalve had been unable to close its habitation. The owner of the pearl says that an offer of a sum less than \$50,000 for his treasure would be treated with perfect contempt.

Farm and Garden.

Stable manure undoubtedly answers the demands of the soil in fruit culture better than any annual application of a single special fertilizer, but still it should not be forgotten that an occasional application of potash in some form may be necessary. Muriate of potash is a good application now and then.

SECURE THE ICE CROP.—When there is good solid ice six inches thick, the work of filling the ice-house should not be delayed. There are some risks to run in waiting for thicker ice than it is much better to gather the crop at the very first opportunity. If snow come while the ice is being formed, it should be removed while it is fresh. This may be done with a snow-push, or a short and a heavy stable-room, and on a large scale with a snow plow and scraper. Ice-men who harvest many thousand tons have a complete outfit of labor-saving tools for their work. The farmer with only a small house holding twenty-five to thirty tons needs a common cross-cut saw with one handle removed. A splitting bar may be made of a large chisel with a long handle. A pike for handling the ice-cakes while they are in the water is very convenient, and can be made by any blacksmith at a trifling expense. Ice-tongs are not essential, but are so handy and cheap that it usually pays to be provided with them. The ice to be cut is first lined by using a hatchet or axe along a straight-edge board. After sawing, the strips are cut into squares by first making a deep groove and afterward using the splitting-chisel. Ice is heavy and difficult to handle, and advantage should be taken of the ease with which it slides over smooth surfaces. Loading the sled or wagon from the pond or river is usually the hardest labor of the ice-harvest. This can be made comparatively easy in many places by drawing the ice-blocks up an inclined chute made of planks with narrow edges of boards. A number of blocks of ice being placed in a line at the submerged end of the chute, a spike is forced into the rear one, and with the team attached to the spike the whole row is slid up into the box or the sled or wagon.—*American Agriculturist.*

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for February opens with a descriptive paper on "Saragossa," by S. P. Scott, which is well written and attractively illustrated. "Home-Life in Bombay" is graphic and lively, but does not present a seductive picture of the Indian city as a residence for Europeans and Americans. Dr. Wister's account of "A Cruise Among the Windward Islands," concluded in this number, conveys, on the other hand, so fascinating an idea of the scenery and winter climate of most of the places which he visited as to excite envy and longing in the mind of the Northern reader. Edward C. Bruce writes of "Our Native Fauna" in a very pleasant semi-scientific strain. "This Our Brother," by Louise Seymour Houghton, depicts the condition and character of the freedmen in Florida, and while admitting many excuses for his failings and vices, protests against the indiscriminate aims giving of Northern tourists as an encouragement to laziness and improvidence. The anonymous author of "Beauty Versus Bric-a-Brac" denounces the prevailing rage for rarities, and contrasts the vulgar desire to own objects of art and the appreciation of them by a mere pecuniary standard with the true worship of beauty as evinced by the Greeks. In the second instalment of "The Jewel in the Lotos" the separate threads developed in the first are gathered up and woven together, giving promise of a strong and well-sustained interest in the story proceeds. "A Wayside Episode" by Rebecca Harding Davis, is written with characteristic vigor and many fine touches of humor and pathos. "The Queer Service" and "A Work of Imagination" are clever and amusing short stories, and the editorial departments are, as usual, well filled.

ST. NICHOLAS for February celebrates St. Valentine's Day in a capital style with an amusing story by Sophie Sweet, called "A Queer Valentine," and one has but to read it to see the appropriateness of the title. Anna North contributes "The Mission of Mabel's Valentine;" and there is a funny little poem, "My Valentine," by J. M. Anderson.—A timely and thrilling article is Joaquin Miller's "In the Land of Clouds," which describes an ascent of Mount Hood by a party of tourists, and rescue of a little dog that insisted on accompanying the climbers.—Another paper which is sure of a hearty welcome is one with the attractive title, "A New Winter's Sport," which is written by Hjalmar H. Boysen, who introduces our American boys to the *skeg* or Norwegian snow-shoe, which he claims possesses very many advantages, in points of ease, speed, and comfort, over the native Indian shoe.—Of the serial stories, "The Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill," by J. T. Trowbridge, leaves its young heroes in a still more exciting position than last month. The instalment of Frank R. Stockton's "Story of Viteau" is one of vivid interest, describing a journey to Paris and an encounter with robbers. Mrs. Clement has an "Art and Artists" paper on the Flemish painters, with two beautiful reproductions of portraits of Rubens and his children, painted by the great artist himself. "The Story of the Field of the Cloth of Gold," by E. S. Brooks, contains an interesting account of tournament, and is illustrated by the frontispiece—a charming picture by Birch, entitled "Margery's Champion." Besides this, and a good deal more, are poems and stories by Celia Thaxter, Frank H. Converse, Palmer Cox, Mary Lowe Dickinson, a play by Mary Cowden Clarke, and pictures by Rosina Emmet, Elizabeth Thompson, R. B. Birch, Bolles, H. P. Share, Hopkins, Cox, Rose Muller, and others.

LITTELLE'S LIVING AGE. The numbers of the Living Age for the weeks ending Jan. 13th and 20th have the following contents: Vauban and Modern Sieges, Quarterly Review; Some Points in American Speech and Customs, part II, by Edward A. Freeman, Longman's Magazine; Sketches in the Malay Peninsula, Leisure Hours; Alewine, Cornhill; The Lady's Walk, by Mrs. Oliphant, Longman's; A Little Chat about Mrs. Oliphant, Blackwood's; The Clergy of the Eighteenth Century, Cornhill; Anthony Trollope, by Edward A. Freeman, Macmillan; From Miss Austen to Mr. Trollope, Spectator; An Adventure

THE MIDWINTER CENTURY. The beginning of a new story by W. D. Howells, in the Midwinter (February) CENTURY, is a literary event, whose importance is increased by the discussion, in the past four months, of the characters, ethical purposes and literary qualities of "A Modern Instance." Mr. Howells's audience has been held up to a high notch of curiosity to see the opening chapters of "A Woman's Reason." His readers will not be disappointed. The scene is once more Boston, but the social atmosphere and the purpose have undergone a complete change. Only the style remains the same; but here, too, the reader will perceive freshness of attitude and a new vivacity. The fourth part of the "Led-Horse Claim," by Mary Hallock Foote, heightens the dramatic interest of this fascinating story, which will end in the March number. Each part is embellished by a picture from the author's pencil. Mrs. Burnett's "Through One Administration" is developing a new interest as it nears the conclusion. The short story of the number is a humorously fanciful tale, by Frank R. Stockton, entitled "The Spectral Mortgage."—Leading public questions receive unusual attention in this number of the CENTURY, for which reason it is appropriate that the frontispiece should be a portrait of George William Curtis (one of Cole's most successful engravings), an autobiographical sketch of the well-known essayist and publicist being contributed by S. Conant, of "Harper's Weekly." Miss Emma Lazarus discusses "The Jewish Problem" with vigor and resources of fact; E. V. Smalley, in a graphic article, throws light on several important "Features of the New Northwest," and Edward T. Peters explains the "Evils of Our Public Land Policy," to which he ascribes the prostration of agricultural interests in the Atlantic States. A characteristic scene in the White House life of Lincoln is described in the Rev. C. Van Santvoord's recollections of "A Reception by President Lincoln."—Two of the illustrated articles are noticeable for the number and excellence of the pictures, and appeal directly to a large number of readers, who, in one way or another, are interested in the development of American art. These are Mrs. Van Rensselaer's study of "American Etchers," and Miss Charlotte Adams' account of the life of "Artists' Models in New York." Other illustrated articles in the same number are George W. Cable's second historical paper on "The Creoles in the American Revolution," and Frank H. Cushing's second chapter of "My Adventures in Zuni."—Frederick Locker, the author of "London Lyrics," is the subject of an illustrated paper by J. Brander Matthews, which includes two portraits of the poet. Especially noteworthy is the variety and excellence of the poetry in the February CENTURY, which is contributed by Edmund Clarence Stedman, Edmund W. Gosse, Richard Henry Stoddard, Joaquin Miller, John Vance Cheney, James Herbert Morse, and Philip Bourke Marston; and in "Bric-a-Brac" there is a clever parody entitled "The Song of Sir Palamedes," on Swinburne's last poem, by Helen Gray Cone, the author of the metrical satire on Walt Whitman and Oscar Wilde, in the November CENTURY, called "Narcissus in Camden."—In "Topics of the Time," the evil ways of many of the money kings are discussed under the title of "Thieves and Robbers"; also, the sensitiveness of Englishmen to American criticism; "Lawmaking at Albany," and the movement to have works of art placed on the free list of the customs tariff. "Communications," "Literature," "Home and Society," and "The World's Work," treat a variety of topics, books, and useful inventions.

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at Petra, Macmillan; Great Bells, Liverpool Mercury; Religious Poverty, Spectator; with shorter articles, instalments of "The Ladies' Lidores" and "No New Thing," and choice poetry. A new volume began with the first number of January.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each, or more than 3,300 pages a year, the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with the Living Age for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

The February WIDE AWAKE comes to hand looking as dainty as a valentine. In fact the number is remarkable for the elegance and finish of several of its autograph engravings. We call attention to the illustrations on pages 217 and 228, as examples of fine drawing, reproduction and printing. The number opens with a strong drawing from Walter Shirlaw's studio, illustrating Mrs. Kate Upson Clark's story, entitled "Granby."

January 31, 1883.]

THE MESSENGER.

Religious Intelligence.

At Home.

St. John's Church, Hampton, Va., will celebrate its 225th Anniversary next Easter.

The Detroit Methodist Alliance, who have succeeded in raising money enough to pay the debts of every church of the denomination in that city, are again at work for the feeble and mission churches of the denomination in the State.

The colored Baptists of South Carolina feel much hurt by the assertion made at the recent convention of white Baptists in that State that their colored brethren were "pagan Baptists." The latter have 550 churches, 350 ordained ministers, 20 associations, and 90,000 members.

After various improvements—costing \$1,500—Grace Lutheran Church, Philadelphia, has opened its edifice, situated in the corner of Spring Garden and Thirty-fifth street. The congregation was organized in March 1878, with twenty-two members, and there are now 184. Rev. J. H. Menges, formerly of York, Pa., is the pastor.

The Bedford Reformed (Dutch) Church, at Madison street and Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., has repurchased its edifice from the Life Insurance Company which has owned it for some years. This is the last one of several churches erected in the flush times after the war, which passed into the hands of those who held the mortgages of some time subsequent to 1878. Three of the finest churches in Brooklyn were among these, the Puritan Congregational, the Tompkins Avenue Congregational and the Bedford Reformed.

The usual annual sale of pews in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Rev. H. W. Beecher, pastor, was held last week, the premiums realizing \$24,209.50, or about \$1,200 less than last year. Mr. Clafin paid \$725 for first choice. The assessed rentals of the pews amount to \$12,792, making a total revenue from pew rents of \$37,000. At the annual business meeting the treasurer reported the receipts of the past year at \$37,825.39, of which \$37,588.36 was from the sale of pews. Among the items of expenditures were \$20,000 for Mr. Beecher's salary, \$2,500 to Mr. Halliday as pastoral helper, \$2,500 to the sexton, and \$6,605.04 for music.

According to the *Lutheran*, the first Lutheran minister ordained in what are now the United States, was Justin Falkner. He was a German, who, immediately after the completion of his university studies, came over to America to escape the wishes of his parents and friends who designed him for the ministry. But soon after his arrival here, he voluntarily consented to take the ministerial office. He was ordained in 1703 by the three Swedish pastors, Rudman, Björk, and Sandel in Wicaco church, near what afterwards became Philadelphia. He organized the first German Lutheran congregation in Pennsylvania, at the Swamp, in what is now Montgomery county. This was about forty years before the arrival of Muhlenberg. He subsequently went to New York and Albany, where he ministered to many people. He was a man of learning, and proved himself a "faithful pastor," as testified by *Acrelius' History*.

The stated meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society, was held January 4, 1883.—Grants of books were made to the value of about \$9,000, and a grant of \$182.36 in money to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church for Sweden.—During the month of December, 21,865 volumes of the Scriptures, of the value of \$6,722 were consigned to 180 correspondents of the Society at work in two or two States.—Two societies in California, four in Iowa, and one in New York, were recognized as auxiliary.—Mr. Loomis, the Society's agent in Japan, writes under date of November 14th, giving the very impressive intelligence that Japanese Christians had formally expressed an earnest desire to be represented in the work of translating the Old Testament by scholars chosen by themselves.—It was announced that C. T. O. King, of Monrovia, has accepted the position of Agent of the Society in Liberia, to which he was recently elected by the Board.—Mr. Hamilton, the Society's Agent in Mexico, wrote on December 11th that the sales during the four preceding months had amounted to \$380.—Reference was made to letters recently received from Mr. Prince, of St. Petersburg, from Rev. Jas. E. Tracy, of the Madura District, India, and from Mr. Wm. Ireland, of the Zulu Mission. The total receipts for December were \$79,906.45. The issues were 106,038 volumes.

Aboard.

Miss Whately, whose school for girls in Cairo has accomplished such a good work, has returned and reopened it, to the great joy of her scholars, both Moslem and Coptic.

Dr. Ryle, the Episcopal Bishop of Liverpool, has been congratulated by the Evangelical Protestant Union for the step he recently took in occupying the pulpit of the Presbyterian church.

A dispatch from Berlin, dated Dec. 23d, states that the Bishop of Metz has declined to accept the decoration of the Iron Crown accorded him by the Emperor, because he wishes to keep aloof from all politics.

A large convocation of Buddhist priests was held lately at the famous Temple of Loyasan, in the Province of Kii, for the purpose of abolishing the ancient rules forbidding the clergy to marry or to eat meat.

On the festival of the Nativity His Holiness, Leo XIII, directed his almoner to employ the sum of twelve thousand francs in the purchase of beds to be distributed among as many deserving poor families and in donation of money to other poor persons.

Through the untiring efforts of Rev. R. W. McAll, of Paris, about 1600 children in that city have been gathered into Sabbath-schools. Under the care of their teachers they recently took a steamboat trip to St. Cloud, where the day was spent in games, singing hymns, speeches, and the usual enjoyments of a Sunday-school picnic.

The Lutheran Mission at Guntur, India, has a boarding-school, in which the native boys hold a meeting three times a week to settle disputes, denounce evil habits, and correct all wrongs by open talk and prayer. This plan is said to work well. Perhaps it might be introduced on this continent with good results.

In the sixty-eight year of its existence the Danish Bible Society has distributed 4,600 copies of the Holy Scriptures—one-half of them being of the New Testament. In connection with the British Bible Society it has circulated one million of Bibles—one to every two of the inhabitants of Denmark. The financial condition of the society is not, however, very encouraging, since it is necessary every year to expend from the capital, owing to the fact that the liberality of the people is continually, and in a growing measure, taxed for the support of other undertakings. Such is the case in Norway also, where, nevertheless, the work of circulating the Scriptures is carried on with great zeal.

There is a society under the care of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland providing for the widows and orphans of ministers. The funds of the society have always been well managed, the payments to the beneficiaries being made

promptly. The funds of the society amount to £35,000, all of which has disappeared, with the exception of £5,000, and with the money the treasurer. The next payment of the society is due the 1st of February, and these payments will be met by the brother of the treasurer, the Rev. Dr. Peddie. Lord Roseberry has offered £100 to head a subscription for permanent funds of the society. The Peddie family are wealthy, and it is hoped will make good the losses caused by their relative, who cannot be found.

SS. Peter and Paul's Guild was formed about two years ago in London for work among the criminal classes. The second annual meeting was held recently in the Chapter House of St. Paul's Cathedral. During the year the membership has increased from 107 to 160. Two Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies have been formed, one at Derby and one at Nottingham. Immigration has been found a very successful method of dealing with discharged prisoners of the better class. Of seventy families sent out but five have failed. Mr. Howard Vincent, the director of criminal investigations, offers to examine any applicant for employment previously to recommending him, so that each applicant may be furnished with a certificate from the office, giving the nature of his offense, his character so far as known, and the employment he is best fitted for.

The Allgemeine Evangelisch-Lutherische Kirchenzeitung, of December 22d, states that the delegates of the Swiss Association for the Observance of the Lord's Day held their annual meeting at Herisau on November 8th, when very cheering statements were presented, concerning the progress of the movement. A report was received from Basel, to the effect that the committee had established Sunday-schools, opened a hall for working men near Leistal, and circulated thousands of religious publications. In the canton of Appenzell, where, in accordance with an old custom, dancing on Sunday had long prevailed, the committee had framed petitions against such practice; these had been numerously signed, and to some degree had already been effectual. At this meeting of the delegates it was resolved to direct a petition to the government requesting that the soldiers be not deprived of divine services on Sundays, also to petition the postal department to restrict the Sunday delivery of mail matter to the distribution of letters, to allow neither the issue nor the receipt of postal orders on that day, and so to arrange that post-officers and letter-carriers may observe the same as an interval for rest and public worship.

The Agent of the American Bible Society in Japan, gives information that a number of Japanese Christians had presented an earnest appeal to be allowed an active part in the work of translating the Old Testament. They regard the translation of the Bible as far-reaching in its consequences, and refer to the blessings which had come to them through the New Testament as already published and widely circulated; and set forth the evils which would ensue if the remaining work was not wisely done; for instance, the want of uniformity in style which would be sure to mark a translation which was produced by the labors of many different scholars working apart. In conclusion, they submit a plan, the substance of which is as follows:

1. That the whole work be given to one translating committee, instead of the different books to individual translators.

2. That the committee be composed of eight members, four of whom shall be foreigners and four Japanese.

3. That the Japanese members be chosen by Japanese Christians.

4. That the foreigners and Japanese members have equal rights in voting.

5. That means be furnished to enable the members to devote their whole time to the work.

A Chinaman in a town called New Bendigo, in Australia, where there is a large Chinese colony, was asked recently what practical good had been accomplished by the Missionaries. He answered as follows: "Before, no one understood God's word. Good many work Sunday all same as week day. Now, no work done on Sunday at New Bendigo by my countrymen. Perhaps chop little wood for house, or wash him clothes; but no go work. No matter poor, every one no work on Sunday. Before, all worship idols. Now, many come to church; he no worship idols. When Lee Wah begin to read, good many had idols in house; thirty more. Myself had one. Now, only ten houses and stores at New Bendigo with idols in them. Before at old township, good many Chinese steal fowls, every thing. Now, no more steal; every one work go get job. Before, every night, Chinaman learn to practice fight. I tell him too stupid fellow. You learn God's word you no want to fight. Now, no more learn to fight. Learn God's word. Before people no care for God's Word; he no know or care. Now, good many people like read God's word. Before, too much time, nothing to do. Now, many say I learn to read God's word. Now, no more waste time. I like to read. Before, good many make fun God's word; laugh. Papers were put upon outside of store, make laugh at Christian. Papers were put up on door of baptized men's house. Now, Heathen men no more make fun; strong man's hands tied up. Himself like it now. Very quiet now."

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THE MESSENGER.

General News.

Home.

The small-pox is abating in Baltimore.

The shoemakers of Allentown have struck.

Norristown is to have a Street Passenger Rail-way.

The Marquis of Lorne arrived in Washington on Friday and was the guest of the British Minister.

Five members of the Sophomore Class of Bowdoin College were indefinitely suspended recently for hazing.

Congress has been at work on the Tariff Bill, and there seems to be a desire to hasten it through before the close of the session.

Two serious accidents took place in New York last week, by explosions of the pipes employed by the Public Steam Heating Company.

Rev. John W. Claxton, D. D., a well-known Episcopal minister in this city, died of consumption, at Lancaster, on the 25th inst., aged fifty-three years.

Gov. Pattison has appointed S. Davis Page for Controller of Philadelphia, and the Councils have elected W. M. Taggart, and the courts will have to determine who is entitled to the office.

The mixing-houses and six packing houses of the Giant Powder works near Berkely, Col., were blown up last week. There were seven successive explosions, and about 40 persons, mostly Chinese were killed.

The cold wave that passed over the Northwest last week, is said to have been the most intense that has been known for eight years. The railroads were blocked and cattle froze in the cars. There was a real blizzard, and it extended to the Atlantic coast and kept up for several days.

Wilkesbarre, Jan. 25.—There are no new developments at the cave in this morning. The Mine Inspector for this district, who has made an examination, is of the opinion that the fall is the result of a fire that has for the past eight years been smoldering there, and which has caused the weakening of the pillars and prop by their slow burning.

Boston, Jan. 25.—At Winchester last evening, while coasting, a sled, containing Mr. Teele and five young ladies, struck a hitching post, and the party was thrown violently to the ground. Mr. Teele escaped without injury, but the ladies were all more or less injured. Three of them, Miss Elizabeth McKenzie and the two Misses Quimby, were picked up unconscious. Miss McKenzie's injuries are of a very dangerous character.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Jan. 24.—An extensive cave in took place this morning in the Delaware and Hudson Mine, located in the 2d ward of this city. On the surface cracks are visible for acres in either direction. A number of houses have settled down from six inches to two feet, alarming the inmates to such an extent that they fled for fear of further danger. The cave-in has taken place under the surface, and no less than twenty acres are reported to have gone down. At this writing (11:30 A. M.) the mine is filled with gas, and it is impossible to gain further particulars. No one was injured.

Foreign.

Baron Frederick Ferdinand Von Flotow, the composer of "Martha" and other operas, died at Weisbaden on the 25th inst., aged 71.

Vienna, January 24.—It is reported that the whole central portion of the town of Nicolaieff, Russia, has been destroyed by fire, involving some loss of life.

Gustave Dore, the great French painter and designer, died in Paris on the 23d inst. He was born in Strasburg, 1832, and was best known by his illustrations of the Bible, Dante, and Milton.

San Francisco, Jan. 25.—Information has been received at Brisbane, Queensland, that a large three-masted schooner was lost at the mouth of the Fly river, New Guinea.

The crew, seventeen in number, were killed by savages, their heads being cut off and distributed among the native villages. Capt. Pennafeather, of the schooner Pearl, made a search, but found only a lot of wreckage, with nothing to identify the vessel. His party were attacked several times by the natives.

One old woman confessed that the crew had been murdered. Capt. Pennafeather burned the native villages, and destroyed their canoes.

There seems to be another Crisis in France. The death of Gambetta and the manifesto of Prince Napoleon, have startled the people who are in dread of strikes and anarchy. They would sooner give up the republic and accept an Empire than fall a prey to the communists. The Cabinet is disunited and there seems to be no one to take the helm. The London Times say: "There can be little doubt that if statements continue to be wanting the Republic will go headlong to ruin. That the French are aware of this is the explanation of the panics caused by the difficulties of a Minister so little resembling indispensable genius as M. Duclerc." The large majority of Republicans in the assembly would assure continuance of the popular form of government, but for the financial panic brought on by the expeditures of the Chamber of Deputies, and the rapid change in Ministers of the Treasury.

Berlin, Jan. 24.—The requiem service for Prince Charles was held in the marble hall of the palace at 8 o'clock last evening. The Emperor and Empress and the remainder of the royal family and several foreign Princes were present. Pastor Koegel yesterday delivered the funeral oration in the Cathedral, where a choral service was performed. The staff officers of the artillery kept guard over the body, which was removed at 11 o'clock this evening to the Cathedral. The coffin was placed in a hearse, which was drawn by six horses. Royal equerries rode on either side, and the body servants and footmen of the dead Prince escorted the hearse on foot. State carriages followed, containing Prince Leopold, the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, Crown Prince Frederick William, and other dignitaries. The procession passed almost silently through the dense crowds which lined the streets. Pastor Koegel received the body at the cathedral.

Berlin, Jan. 25.—Notwithstanding the abandonment of the Court festivities in consequence of the recent death of Prince Charles, the streets are decorated to-day in honor of the silver wedding of the Crown Prince Frederick William. The Crown Prince and the Princess Victoria received numerous visits of congratulation, including those of the Emperor and Empress, who were enthusiastically received by large crowds.

London, Jan. 25.—The Times says.—The scheme formulated by the Egyptian Government, approved by Lord Dufferin, and transmitted to the Foreign Office, proposes that the Khedive of Egypt shall have a council of twelve responsible Ministers, and that a legislative council of fourteen members shall be formed, half of whom shall be nominated by the Khedive and half chosen by the system of double election, such as that for which abundant precedent exist in the American Constitution and others. An Elective Assembly

of 44 members is also proposed to be convened to occasionally discuss special subjects. The latter will not participate in legislation, but will assist legislation by giving voice to the classes hitherto inarticulate.

The initiative of legislation rests wholly with the Council of Ministers; but its projects must be submitted to the Legislative Council before becoming law. In the event of irreconcilable differences between these two bodies, the decision will probably be left to the Khedive.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Wholesale Prices.

MONDAY, January 29, 1883.

COTTON continued quiet, but the market closed firm after small sales to spinners on a basis of 10c. for middling uplands; 10c. for low middling, and 9c. for good ordinary.

FLOUR.—We quote the whole range of prices as follows: Supers at \$3.25@\$3.50; winter extra at \$3.75@\$4.25; Pennsylvania family at \$5, exceptional fancy brands higher; Ohio and Indiana do. at \$5@\$5.75; St. Louis and Southern Illinois do. at \$5.50@\$6.15; Minnesota clear at \$5.50@\$7.55; do. straight at \$5.75@\$6.50; do. patent at \$6.75@\$7.50, chiefly at \$7@\$7.50, and winter patent at \$6@\$6.87, chiefly \$6.25@\$6.50, as to quality. Rye Flour was steady at \$3.87 for choice Pennsylvania. Buckwheat Flour was dull at \$2.75@\$100 lbs.

WHEAT.—Sales after Change of 25,000 bushels. No. 2 red February at \$1.13; 25,000 bushels March at \$1.15; 10,000 bushels April at \$1.17; and 600 bushels long berry red in grain depot at \$1.17; 600 bushels No. 2 red track at \$1.12; 1200 bushels No. 2 red spot in elevator at \$1.13, closing at \$1.12 bid and \$1.13 asked for January; 10,000 bushels February at \$1.13, closing at \$1.12 bid and \$1.13 asked for January; 10,000 bushels March at \$1.15, which was bid, with \$1.15 asked at the close, and \$1.17 bid and \$1.17 asked for April.

CORN.—Sales of 3500 bushels rejected mixed and yellow track at \$2.63c.; 1500 bushels do. yellow in grain depot at 64c.; 600 bushels No. 3 white track at 62c.; 600 bushels No. 2 do. at 65c.; 1200 bushels No. 3 yellow in grain depot at 64c.; 1800 bushels steamer mixed and yellow at 63c. @ 66c., as to quality and location; 3000 bushels salt mixed spot in elevator at 68c., with 69c. bid and 71c. asked early and 68c. bid and 70c. asked at the close for January; 25,000 bushels February at 66c. @ 67c., and 5000 bushels do. to day at 65c. asked; 25,000 bushels March at 65c., and 10,000 bushels do. at 65c. @ 66c., closing with sellers at 65c.; 20,000 bushels April at 65c., down to 65c., closing at 65c. bid on call but asked after Change.

OATS.—Sales of 5000 bushels in lots on a basis of 46@46c. for No. 2 mixed; 47c. for No. 3 white; 48c. for No. 2 white, and 50@51c. for No. 1 white, with 47c. bid and 48c. asked for No. 2 white January; 10,000 bushels do. February at 48c. bid and 49c. asked for April.

REFINED SUGARS were quiet and steady at 8c. for granulated; 8c. for crystal A; 8c. for confectioners' A, and 8c. for standard A.

PROVISIONS.—We quote Mess. Pork at \$18.75@19; shoulders at salt, 7c.; do. smoked, 8c.; pickled shoulders, 8c.; do. smoked, 8c.; pickled bellies, 11c.; smoked do. 12c. Loose butchers' Lard, 10c.; prime steam do., \$11.12@11.20; city kettle do., 11@11c.; Lard, steerine, 11c. @ 11c.; beef ham, \$18.75@19.25; sweet pickled hams, fully cured, 11c. @ 11c.; do. fresh packed, 11c. @ 11c.; do. smoked, 12c. @ 13c. Smoked Beef, 12c. @ 14c. Extra India Mess. Beef, \$26.50, f. o. b. City Family do., \$15.50@15. City Tallow 8c. @ 8c., and packet do. 14.50@15. City Tallow 8c. @ 8c., in hds. Oily Stearine, 9c. @ 9c.

BUTTER.—We quote Pennsylvania creamery extras at 37c.; Western do. 34@36c.; do. firsts, 30c.; Bradford county fresh tubs, in straight lots, 28c.; New York State fresh tubs, 28c.; do. dairy extras, 24@26c.; Western dairy extras nominally 25c. Rolls, choice to fancy, 20@22c.—few of this kind here; do. fair to good, 15@18c.; common shipping grades, 16@18c.; fancy, 38c.; do. 32@35c.; do. seconds, 25@30c.

CHEESE.—We quote New York full cream choices at 14@14c.; Ohio flat fine, 13c. @ 13c.; Pennsylvania part skins 8c. @ 8c., chiefly 8c. @ 8c.; skins, choice, 5c. @ 6c.; do. rejected, 3c. @ 4c.

POULTRY.—We quote Five Chickens at 12c. @ 12c., the latter for hens; Ducks and Turkeys at 14@16c.; dressed Chickens, near-by extra, 16@17c.; do. Western prime, 14@15c.; do. scalped and fair dry picked, 13@14c.; do. Ducks, near-by extra, 18@20c.; do. Western, 14@16c.; do. Geese at 7c. @ 12c., as to quality, and Turkeys, extra dry-picked near-by, 18@20c.; do. Western, 16@17c.; good Western, 15c.; fair, 13@14c., and scalped, 13c. @ 15c., as to quality.

Eggs.—Sales of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware extras at 23@25c., with 27c. bid for extra Western, but few if any on the market. Held lots were comparatively plentiful and quiet at 18@22c., as to condition. Lined were more active and firmer, with sales at 18c.

PETROLEUM.—The market was quiet for export, but refiners' views were stiffly maintained. Closing quotations were 73@74c. as to test for refined in barrels, and 10@10c. for do. in cases as to brand.

HAY AND STRAW.—Hay was steady, with a fair demand for choice, but little doing in low grades. We quote choice Timothy Hay at \$16, and ordinary to good do. at \$13@15. Rye Straw moving slowly at \$12@13.

SEEDS.—Clover was quiet and steady, with sales of 50 bags choice old at 12c., and 38 bags new Pennsylvania at 12c., quoted at 13c. for prime.

FEED.—The market was dull but steady, with sale of 1 car fine winter shipstuffs at \$16.50; 1 car good winter track at \$17; 2 cars prime do. at \$17.25@\$17.50, the latter on North Pennsylvania track, and 1 car coarse red middlings on track at \$17.75.

Live Stock Prices.

The receipts for the week were: Beeves, 3300; sheep, 13,000; hogs, 5000. Previous week: Beeves, 3000; sheep, 9000; hogs, 6300.

BEEF CATTLE were in full supply, and with only a moderate demand prices declined 4c. per lb. on all grades except extra, which were scarce. The greater portion of the arrivals were of inferior quality. Quotations: Extra, 6c. @ 7c.; good, 6c. @ 6c.; medium, 5c. @ 5c.; common, 4c. @ 5c.; fat cows, 3c. @ 4c.

MILCH COWS were demoralized and \$10 lower at \$25@25.

CITY DRESSED BEEVES were active and closed at 7c. @ 9c. Western dressed beesves were in fair demand and closed at 8c. @ 9c. Sales last week: Thomas Bradley, 160 head Western dressed, 8c. @ 9c.; John Taylor, 148 head do., 7c. @ 9c.; Taftas Bradley, 97 head city dressed, 8c. @ 9c.; Rodger Maynes & Co., 130 head do., 7c. @ 8c.; A. A. Boswell, 132 head do., 7c. @ 9c.; C. S. Dengler, 127 head do., 7c. @ 9c.; Harlan & Bro., 94 head do., 8c. @ 9c.; J. F. Lowden, 56 head do., 8c. @ 9c.; H. G. Beckman, 47 head do., 8c. @ 9c. Dressed Sheep were active. Samuel Stewart sold 1035 head at 8c. @ 9c., and 97 head dressed lambs at 10c. @ 12c.

Hogs were active and prices were unchanged. Quotations: Extra, 9c. @ 9c.; good, 9c. @ 9c.; medium, 8c. @ 8c.; common, 8c. @ 8c.

Dressed Hogs were active. John Taylor sold 139 head Jersey dressed at 8c. @ 9c.

SHEEP.—The heavy receipts of stock had a depressing effect upon the market, and with the in-

terior quality of the stock prices declined 4c. per lb. on all grades except extra, which sold readily, when offered, at full rates. All Western stock losses \$50 a car by the decline. Quotations: Extra, 6c. @ 6c.; good, 5c. @ 6c.; medium, 4c. @ 5c.; common, 3c. @ 4c.; lamb, 4c. @ 7c.; veal calves, 6c. @ 9c.

FOR THROAT DISEASES AND COUGHS. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, like all other really good things, are frequently imitated. The genuine are sold only in boxes.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES will relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumptive and Throat Diseases. They are used always with good success.

Send to Shaw, Applin & Co., Boston, Mass., for Catalogue of Church Furniture.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the milder of lowest, short weight, alum, or phosphate powders.

Sold only in cans. Royal Baking Powder Co., New York.

THE UNION TRUST COMPANY,

Nos. 611 & 613 CHESTNUT STREET.

CAPITAL, \$1,000,000

CHARTER PERPETUAL.

Act as Executives, Administrators, Receivers, Guardians, Attorneys, Agents, Trustees and Committees, alone or in connection with an individual appointee, takes charge of the property of absentees and non-residents, collects and remits income promptly, and discharges faithfully the duties of every fiduciary trust and agency known to the law.

WILLIS.—We have a safe in our vaults of the most approved construction.

WILLIS.—Kept securely in Fire and Burglar Proof Vaults of the most approved construction.

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